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The Bystander, September 17, 1913.—No. 511. Vol. XXXIX.

Politics, Society, & the Drama.

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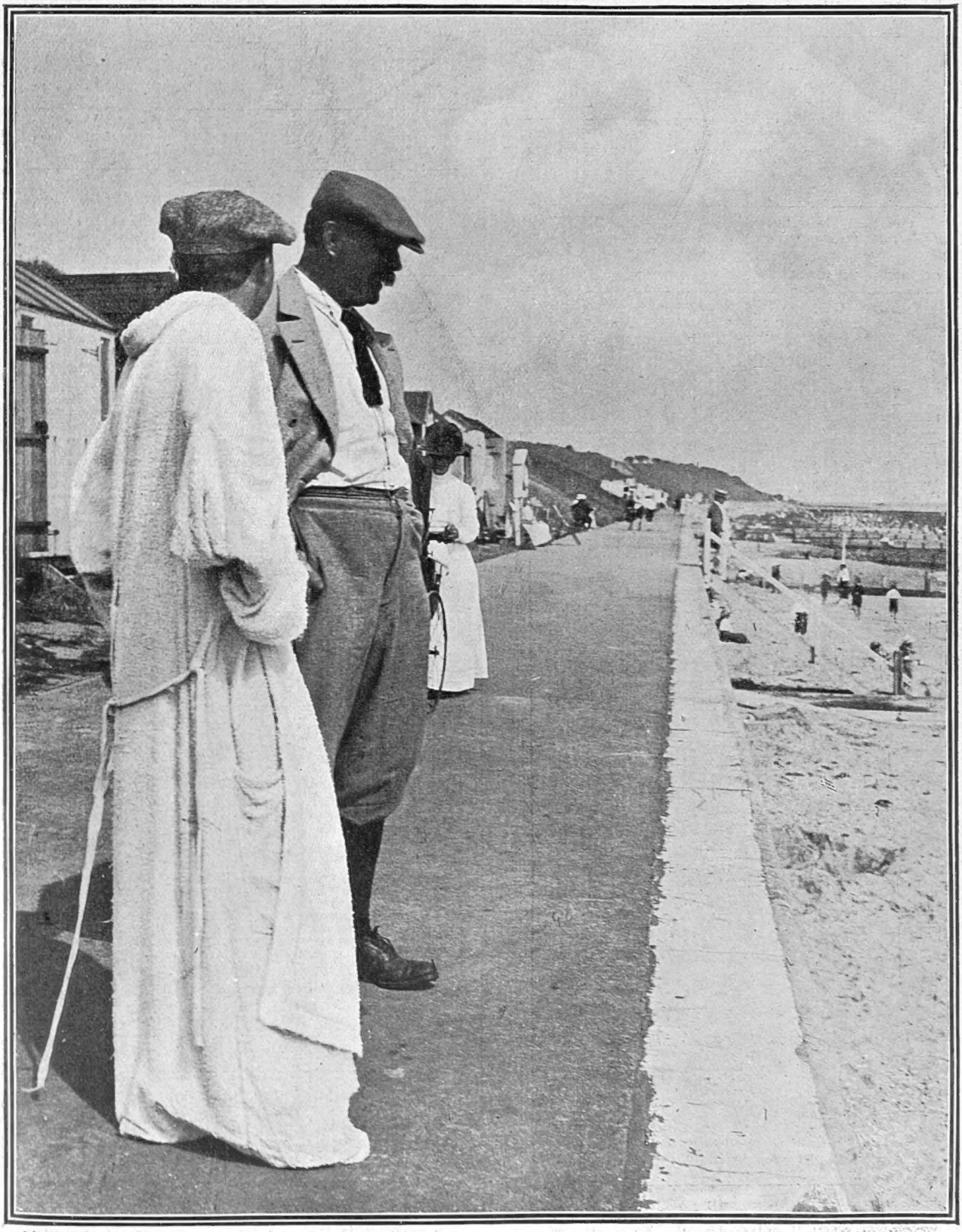
The BYSTANDER



Photograph *H. W. Nicholls*

"SHERLOCK" AND "SEYMOUR"—BY THE SEASIDE

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (right) and Mr. Seymour Hicks at Frinton-on-Sea a short time ago. Sir Arthur is to the fore in the Olympic games discussion and Mr. Seymour Hicks is opening at Bradford on September 22 with a new production entitled "Broadway Jones"

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL *(modified)*

The Fall

Autumn! The season so dreaded by us all a few weeks ago is now practically with us, and who feels really the sorrier? The idea of the passing of summer is always so much worse than the actuality, for with its (generally) clear skies, its crisp mornings, its sunny days, and its nice fireside evenings, isn't autumn, after all, about the nicest all-round season?

***

Seasonable Attractions

To the sportsman, we know, it is paradise, but it is packed full of compensations to the town-dweller. The theatres are invariably offering us better stuff than they are in the spring, and the official absence of "Society" on the moors and forests enables the ordinary citizen to call the Capital more or less his own. "Society," too, sneaks up to Town itself a great deal more nowadays in autumn than it used, and, free from a "season," appears to enjoy itself without stint or stiffness.

***

Earlier Holidays

For what it is deemed worth, I offer THE BYSTANDER'S support to the *Daily Mail's* campaign in favour of earlier holidays, and if my contemporary succeeds in getting the watering-places to combine to induce holiday-makers to spread themselves over the three summer months instead of concentrating on one, it will be doing a really good work.

***

Beware!

Mr. Marconi, Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, and other directors of the Marconi Company have arrived in Berlin. The German Minister of Finance and his colleague, the Attorney-General, will be well advised to remain out of it.

***

Hear, Hear!

Mr. Balfour began it. Lord Loreburn carries it on—the autumn Home Rule discussion, I mean. The Retired Unionist warns the Government of the folly of pressing Home Rule on an undecided country, the Retired Liberal agrees, and calls for a Conference. The Tired Bystander, weary of both Parties, cries "Hear, hear." He wants that Conference to begin, to draw up a settlement of the Irish Question agreeable to everybody, and to free England to demand Home Rule for herself.

***

The Booksniffs

The effect of the latest performance of the Booksniffs (*i.e.*, the Library Censors) will not, of course, be harmful to the proscribed authors. It means merely that people who want to read their books—that is, everybody who has read the controversy—will buy instead of borrow them, and will be influenced by their "morals" (if any) all the more in that they will have paid for them handsomely.

THE MAN WHO THREW THE BRICK

Lord Loreburn, whose proposal for a Conference between Parties on Home Rule bids fair to end, once for all, the eternal controversy

***

Hard Luck

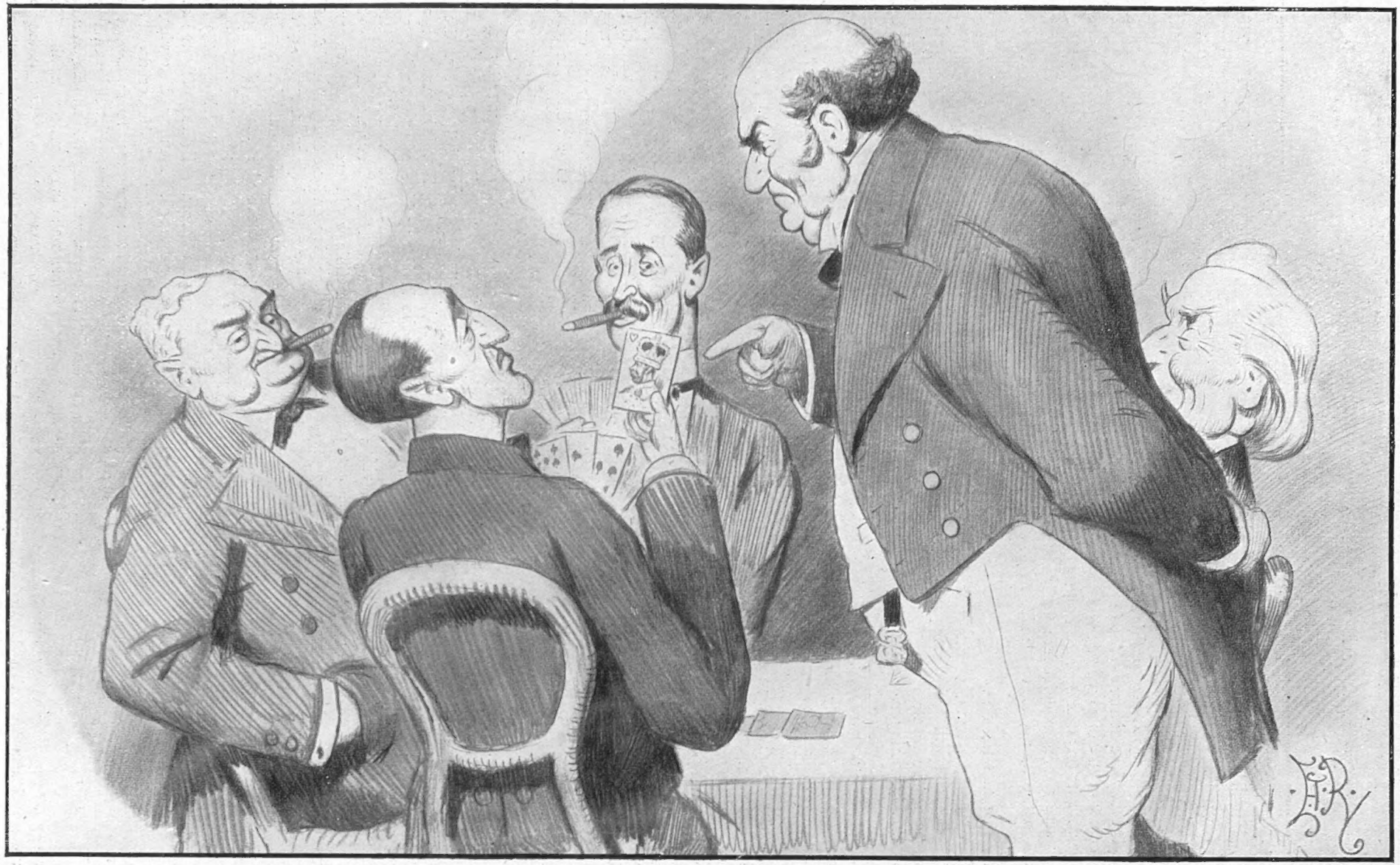
Condolences to Mr. Hall Caine. The orchestra of protest against the Book Censorship is not, as he had so fondly expected, to be a One Man Banned.

***

Simian Shavians

No member of the "public" has yet replied to Mr. Bernard Shaw's impassioned protest against the laughter which punctuates, at regular intervals, his *Androcles and the Lion*. The public treated it as a Shavian joke. Mr. Shaw amuses: how can he object to the audible proof thereof? I can, on personal experience of the play, endorse the famous dramatist's complaint. Enjoyment of his satire is wholly ruined by self-styled "Shavians" who, out of the mistaken idea that they are expected to laugh at their oracle, will do so in the wrong place. Sympathy with Mr. Shaw compels several laughs at the close of the piece, particularly when Cæsar, delighted with the havoc wrought among the gladiators by Ferrovius, the Christian who is a gladiator *malgré lui*, orders all Rome to become Christian: one must laugh, too, at the pantomime antics of the lion. But the greater part of the play is suggestive rather than amusing, and does not, on the whole, make fun of religion at all. Those who say it does must be themselves among the laughers-out-of-place, and should be thrown to the lions.

When In Difficulties, Don't! A Hint to Ulster Extremists



JOHN BULL (kindly overlooking hand of Sir E. Carson): "If I were you I wouldn't play that card. It isn't your game"

BY E. T. REED

"Playing the King": A Protest

M. PAUL CAMBON

The popular French Ambassador in London, who is about to retire, after fifteen years of office, at the age of seventy

PLAYING THE KING

A PROTEST AGAINST A DISLOYAL AGITATION

A very dangerous and a very objectionable "line" of policy is being hinted at in the columns of the *Daily Express* by Mr. Arnold White—nothing else than the dragging in of the personality of the monarch into the Home Rule controversy.

***

Mr. White gives prominence to letters from private individuals who boast that they no longer join in the National Anthem, and mentions his possession of others from peers and members of Parliament, in which, if the King assents to the Bill before a General Election, it is threatened that the "question of the monarchy will be reconsidered, both on the score of efficiency and economy."

***

It was THE BYSTANDER which drew prominent attention to the conduct of Liberals in dragging the name of the late King into the Veto Bill controversy, and it is none the less our duty now to draw it to the similar conduct of certain Unionists.

***

That these gentlemen represent the general opinion of their Party in this matter, we do not for a moment believe. If there is one sentiment which is Conservative above all others it is the preservation of the person of the King from intrusion into Party strife. It is preposterous to contend that the Home Rule, any more than any other Bill, is one in which the King should act against the advice of his responsible Ministers. Bad as we believe it to be, it is a measure entirely to be settled between the two Parties, the two Houses, and the People. The only justifiable explanation for the conduct of the responsible persons corresponding with Mr. White is that they are seeking a pretext on which to raise the whole question of the monarchy. If such a movement anywhere exist, the sooner the public is fully informed about it the better, in order that the loyalty of the people to the Crown may be demonstrated beyond doubt, and for all time.

***

But we disbelieve altogether that such a sentiment does exist otherwise than in the shades of anonymity, and as the next few months are likely to see His Majesty playing the gracious part of conciliator between the two Parties, we expect this disloyal agitation will very soon die the death it deserves. From the presence of Mr. Law and Earl Curzon at Balmoral we hope a great deal. That some form of self-government must go to Ireland is denied by hardly anybody but the incurably Ulsterical. The only question is whether it shall be a form of Home Rule freely granted by the whole of England for the benefit of the whole of Ireland, or one granted, as blackmail, to a part of Ireland by a Ministry representing only a part of England. We believe the larger solution will prevail.

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR AND THE CIRCULATING LIONS

HALL CAINE: "What rotten luck! Just as I thought I'd got the whole arena to myself, a big crowd, and a nice lot of lions, hanged if here aren't two more martyrs at the very least!!!"

By E. T. REED

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

The Soul Becomes Topical!

Achieving the Impossible

The Canadian authorities have achieved the impossible: they have made one feel sorry for Harry Thaw. If ever there was a neurotic decadent who ought to be shut up for ever and ever, that man is Thaw; but I confess I do not like this modern tendency of British Dependencies and Protectorates to deliver up fugitives "wanted" by foreign governments. The affair of the unfortunate Russian in Egypt who was recently extradited for a political offence is another case that hardly attracted the public attention it deserved. Emphatically this "get-rid-of-him-he's-got-no-friends" attitude to oblige a powerful neighbour is contrary to every tradition of the Mother Country, at any rate. But, then, these up-to-date States are *so* practical.

***

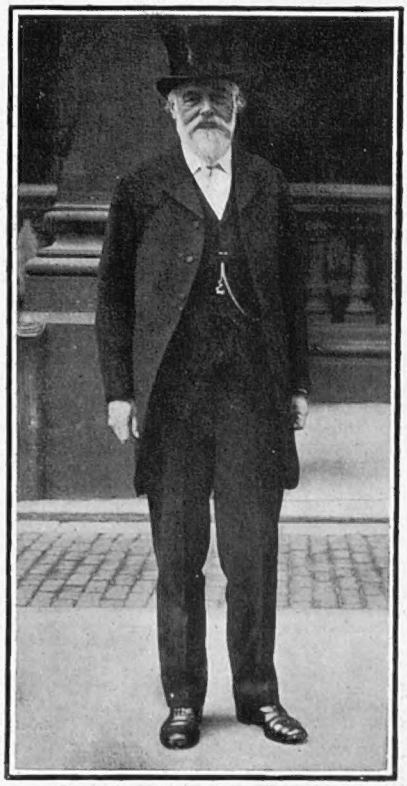
The Modern Witch-Doctor

It would really be amusing were it not pathetic to note the passionate interest people seem to take in pronouncements by famous scientists about the Soul. The average man would appear to be vastly consoled by Sir Oliver Lodge telling him that he probably has one. He seems to regard any scientific man's *ipse dixit* as a kind of nostrum to cure any and every ill of mind or body. Indeed, nowadays the scientist, much to his own disgust I fancy, has taken the place of the witch-doctor, and though it is hardly conceivable that the fires of Smithfield should be relighted for religious heresy, it would not be at all surprising in the future to find people persecuted for not believing in some current scientific fad or other.

***

Patent-Medicine Philosophy

As a matter of fact, this curiosity as to the views of prominent scientists like Sir Oliver Lodge shows how great is the decay of religion among us. Can you imagine a really religious man caring two straws about anybody else's opinion about his own Soul? He feels, he knows—and he regards anybody's else's interference as merely impertinent. Unfortunately, the religious man, according as to whether he is a Christian, a Buddhist, a Mahometan, or a Confucian feels and knows something quite different about the Soul. Strange as it may seem, not even Carmelite House can reveal to us Heaven or Hell, any more than Sir Oliver Lodge or anybody else. But people do love to be "certain," to have a kind of patent-medicine religion, do they not?



SIR OLIVER LODGE

Whose recent Presidential Address before the British Association at the Central Hall, Birmingham, has opened up a new field for controversy and criticism on the subject of life after death

TAMMANY HALL'S ENEMY

The late Mayor Gaynor, of New York, who died on board the White Star Liner, "Baltic." Gaynor was a strong opponent of political corruption, and during his tenure of office effected many much-needed reforms

***

Worried to Death

Poor Mayor Gaynor! He has paid the penalty for being an honest man in what is, probably, the most dishonest city in the world. Perhaps some time when the real history of "Tammany" comes to be written, one will wonder how he, its most bitter enemy, managed to live so long—and one will cease to be so sorry for him for having died. Truly the way of a public man in America is hard.

***

The Public Schools Again

In spite of the fact that the public school question was effectually settled by THE BYSTANDER many months ago, it still occupies the attention of some of the Press. If further support were needed of our attitude, the letters of the majority of the public school correspondents to the papers would supply it. A more gross exhibition of self-satisfaction, of contempt for everybody not of the elect—and, sometimes, of bad grammar as well—could scarcely be conceived. To do the better kind of public school man justice, he probably dislikes it almost as much as anybody—vide Mr. Arnold Lunn's "Harrovians" themselves.

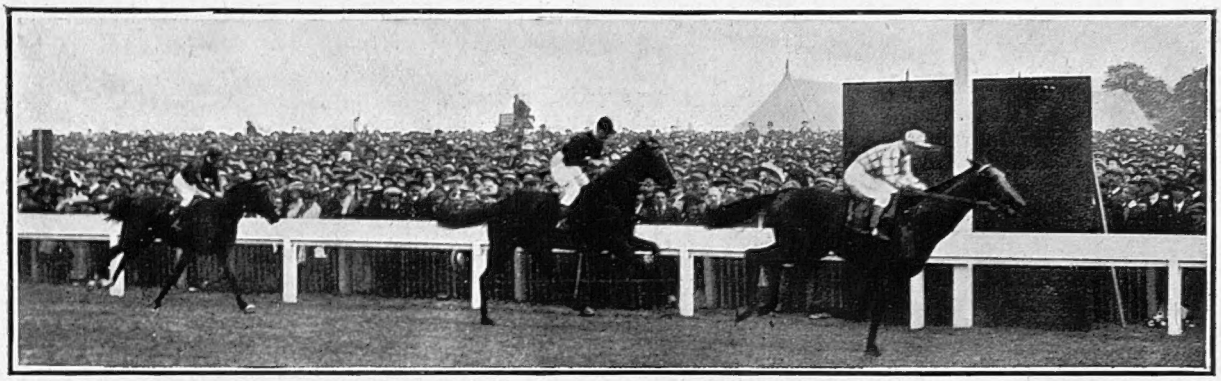
***

Relieving Poverty

A correspondent (P.S. L-I.) writes to suggest that the proposed £100,000 for the Olympic Games should be spent in relieving poverty in London. He made the proposal to most of the London papers, but only one of them gave it publicity. I am always delighted to help, but though I am dead against dollar-dictated sport, I am hardly more in favour of indiscriminate charity. One might spend ten times a hundred thousand on relieving "poverty," yet leave unrelieved the *real* poor, that is, those who are too proud to accept relief.

A Disappointing Doncaster

INCIDENTS IN LAST WEEK'S GREAT NORTHERN MEETING

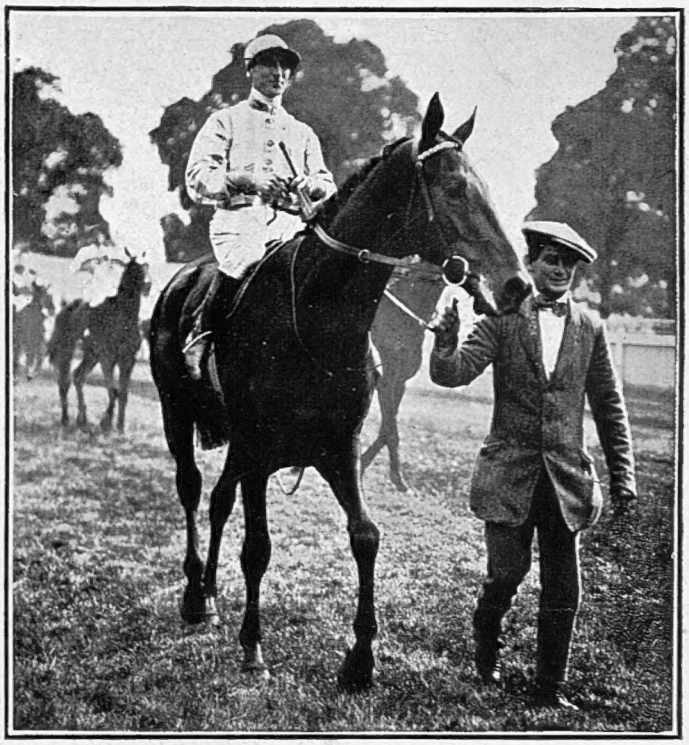


A SENSATIONAL FINISH

"Night Hawk" winning the St. Leger in record time after an amazing race in which the three favourites "came home with the cows."

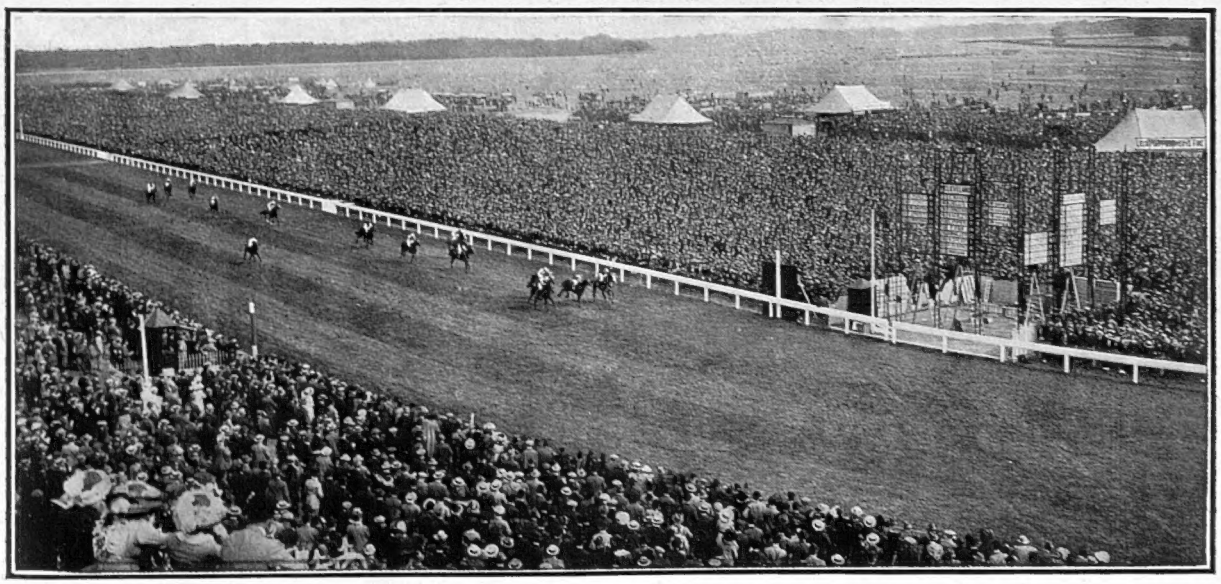
MR. W. ROBINSON AND COL. HALL WALKER

Trainer and owner respectively of "Night Hawk"



LEADING IN "NIGHT HAWK"

The 50 to 1 outsider, ridden by Wheatley, that won the big race



GENERAL VIEW OF THE DONCASTER RACECOURSE LAST WEEK

This year's Doncaster Meeting will be remembered for the large attendance, the hard going and some very indifferent racing, culminating in the sensational win of an outsider in the race for the St. Leger. Somehow the classic races this year seem fated to go wrong. The one bright spot was the smashing form shown by "The Tetrarch," Mr. McCalmont's splendid 2-year old

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded*)

A Matter of "Bithneth"

Another Bulwark for Britain

The Channel Tunnel discussion has been occupying a good deal of attention during recent weeks, and the general concensus of opinion seems to be against the proposition. The opponents of the scheme make great play with the argument that the Tunnel might be used by an invading force. But, surely, by the time the Channel Tunnel is in working order Parker Pageant Plays will have so educated us in Biblical history as to make even the War Office profit by its lessons. The Tunnel will be guarded by mines—the explosive sort, you know, carefully arranged so that they won't go off at inopportune moments—and when the tramp of the enemy's footsteps is heard over a telephone connected with the War Office, one of the junior clerks will casually press a button and—hey! presto! the invaders will be caught in the Straits of Dover as were the Egyptians in the Red Sea. The worst of it will be that we shall then have to bore—and be bored by—another Channel Tunnel!

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

LADY VIOLET CHARTERIS

Née Lady Manners, who gave birth to a son on Sunday of last week

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE

Née Miss Goelet, of Newport, U.S.A., the arrival of whose son and heir last week has been, no doubt, a source of great satisfaction to nearly all concerned

* * *

Unfair Capital

Railway accidents have been somewhat frequent of late, and nothing seems to have been done so far to lessen the risk involved in travelling. Further fears are added for our safety by the occurrence of another three accidents—happily none of them fatal—during the last four days, making a total of seven in a fortnight. However, I cannot but deplore the considerable capital against the railway companies that certain journals are unfairly attempting to make out of the accidents. One must remember the long period during which, previous to the recent disaster at Aisgill, there were no sensational accidents to help the newspapers to sell themselves!

A MATTER OF "BITHNETH"

"The Bystander" and the "Jewish World"

Arising out of a jesting paragraph in "The Look of Things" of some weeks ago, in which our irresponsible contributor referred to the opportunities of a "bithneth training" likely to be afforded by the proposed Jewish University at Jerusalem, I have engaged in an interesting controversy with the editor of the *Jewish World*. As the correspondence is being published in full in to-day's (Wednesday's) issue of that journal, there is little need for me to comment on it here. The point chiefly at issue is whether the term "bithneth" implies an insult to the Jewish race, as inferring (to quote the editor of the *J.W.*) transactions "which, although in themselves legal, are tricky, or which are not straightforward or morally commendable." I ventured to reply that, in my experience, Gentiles use the word with no such intent, merely implying "business conducted as business, regardless of sentiment or prejudice, by the most financially successful race in the universe." As to what will be the *Jewish World's* reply to this and other remarks in my letter, I have to contain myself until it appears, but as the matter is of some general interest, I may have something to say about it next week.

Our Sympathies—

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

—TO LADY ALASTAIR INNES-KER

Whose son is no longer heir-presumptive to the Roxburghe Dukedom, owing to the birth of a son to the Duchess after ten years of expectation. Like her Grace, Lady Alastair is also an American, having been formerly Miss Breese, of New York

The Stage as a Scripture Class

WHERE "JOSEPH," REVISED AND REDECORATED,

FATE INTERVENES

Joseph is taken out of the pit, into which his brothers have put him, by Midianites who eventually sell him to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver

VIRTUE TRIUMPHANT

Joseph (Mr. Ralph) repels the attempt of Zuleika, Potiphar's wife, to administer a love potion

The Scriptures have been so long neglected that one is pleased to renew one's acquaintance with them, even if one has to go to the theatre to do it. Sir Herbert Tree, in "Joseph and His Brethren," has selected undoubtedly the best all-round subject for melodrama of the many that the Bible affords. It gives opportunities for lavish pageantry and colour, and has a superb story running right through it. Any little weaknesses in the matter of love interest left by the author of

Or Pleasant Evenings at His Majesty's

FORMS THE SUBJECT OF AN IMPROVING TABLEAU-DRAMA

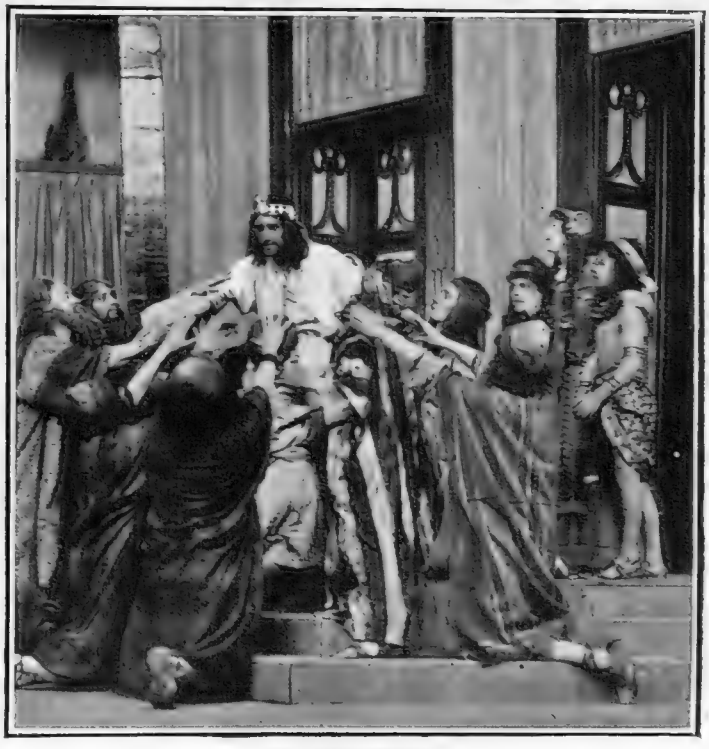
Joseph

FORESIGHT

Joseph interpreting the dreams of Pharaoh's butler and baker while in prison

TRAGEDY

Jacob (Sir Herbert Tree), with Rachel (Miss Cynthia Brook), on left, mourning his favourite son Joseph



MAGNANIMITY

Joseph pardons his brothers

the Pentateuch have been suitably filled in by Mr. L. N. Parker, who embellishes the somewhat scanty narrative of Potiphar's wife and provides the hero, Joseph, with a legitimate love affair which leads to matrimony. It is very much to be doubted whether in splendour the actual experiences of the Patriarch approached the version at His Majesty's, but is it not the business of Art to improve upon History? We imagine, at any rate, Sir Herbert Tree thinks so.

WHO, WHAT, and WHERE?

A Few Polite Notes About Personalities

THEIR MAJESTIES' HOST AND HOSTESS

EARL SPENCER (on right)

Entertains King George and Queen Mary at Althorp Park for the manœuvres this week. Standing by the side of Earl Spencer is his son and heir, Viscount Althorp

Royal "Revelations"

I HEAR the King is not particularly pleased—to put it mildly—at the "revelations" about his personal life which have been published by a certain well-known north country journalist. To say, for instance, that His Majesty has "the simple religious faith of a little child," an "obstinate tenacity of opinion," and is "not a man of quick apprehension" is putting it in a way that is not likely to meet with general approval.

***

The Sting

But the offence of these widely published remarks—and the King is a very faithful and diligent student of the newspapers—lies in their harping on "a certain passivity about His Majesty in his domesticity," juxtaposed with "the strong influence of the Queen," who, we are told, has "the main voice in directing the trend of all the education of their children." It seems a trifle gratuitous, after all. Men absorbed, as is the King, in affairs of State will naturally leave domestic ones to the better qualified hands.

***

The Modern "Laird"

Among the local "lairds" who have been enjoying the Royal hospitality at Balmoral is Sir Sigismund Neumann, formerly of Bavaria, late of South Africa, and now of Glenmuick, N.B. He is by now quite a typical leader of Scottish "Society": I don't think he ever wears kilts, but it is said that he has had little difficulty in mastering the gutturals of the Gaelic. In London "Society," too, he holds a lofty position, and Lady Neumann's was the biggest and best-written-up *cotillon* of the late lamented season. Sir Sigismund, by the way, is supposed to have been one of the characters in Frank Danby's clever, though not altogether attractive, "Pigs in Clover."

***

"Hors Concours"

The Venice season has started, and among the English visitors is Lady Randolph Churchill—she has slipped back easily into the old name—who, I am told, is writing yet another play. Her marvellous vitality must have some outlet, and if she selects this channel I'm sure everyone is quite pleased. Even from the struggling army of dramatic authors no murmur has ever arisen at her rivalry.

***

More Venetian Nights?

And in spite of the amusing incidents of recent memory the Duchess of Rutland and Lady Diana Manners—who have been living in very unwonted rural retirement of late—are also in Venice once more. So far no adventures are chronicled—in the Piazza San Marco or elsewhere. But Venice certainly possesses powerful attractions at this time of year.

Photograph *Illyworth*

LADY ADELAIDE SPENCER

Eldest daughter of Earl Spencer, hostess to the King and Queen while at Althorp Park

Mrs. Potiphar "Pottering" Far

From the Madding Crowd

Photograph *Wynford Swinburne*

MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT

Alias Zuleika (Potiphar's wife), in "Joseph and His Brethren," at home at Hartsbourne Manor, Bushey Heath, her charming residence

Christabel's Holiday

I hear that Miss Christabel Pankhurst, intoxicated with the exuberance of her own leading articles in the *Suffragette*, is going to write a book on the subject which in her family seems rather to have ousted the mere suffrage—*i.e.*, the relations between the sexes, as viewed in a light which may be regarded as proving (see leaders) the tyranny and general horridness of man. It all seems a great pity. Surely Miss Pankhurst's holiday at Trouville with the Duchess of Marlborough's mother, in charming frocks, no doubt, amid the many other charming frocks of the fashionable crowd, ought to have provided plenty of evidence that man is not so horrid after all.

***

Yet Again

Yet another Wilde "life" is in preparation, in which the author will give, among other things, a new version of the poet's last days in Paris.

Detached

Both the Duchess of Marlborough and the Duchess of Westminster have now taken houses in the neighbourhood of Roehampton—where polo is the chief, though, of course, not the only game. In each case the residence, needless to say, is entirely detached.

***

Tropical

Big-game expeditions in Africa, which used to be the traditional refuge after matrimonial and kindred troubles, have now completely changed their character and become quite the fashionable pleasure trip, with all the usual amenities of "Society" life. Several parties are going out shortly, among them Lord Worsley, Lord Yarborough's heir, with Lady Worsley and a brother-officer in the Guards.

Expensive Hobbies

East Africa is, indeed, being regularly "civilised," and among those who are most interested in the process, I am told, is Captain J. A. Morrison, ex-M.P., who is said to be spending freely on the "development" of Nairobi and other places. His hobbies are expensive ones, and it is well that his wealth can stand the strain. His little dabble with the *Evening Times* is said to have cost him some £70,000, and only a few months ago he had to part with £5,500 for another—"hobby?"

* * *

Who?

No one, I'm afraid, has got particularly excited over the announcement that Lord Carrick is going to appear in a sketch at the Coliseum. Except, possibly, Lord Aberdeen, who does not, I believe, consider the music-hall stage quite the most fitting place for his new Comptroller of the Household (late Inspector of Irish butter). Peers on the stage are no novelty now, and the only effect on the general public has been to induce the query—"Who is Lord Carrick?" And that, of course, can hardly have been the object aimed at.

* * *

THE NOBLE FIREWOMAN

LADY CECELY BAILLIE-HAMILTON

Daughter of Lord Haddington, who has just been made a member of a local fire brigade in Cheshire, and invested with a gold badge of office

The New Dukeling

The arrival of an heir to the Dukedom after ten years of married life has brought immense gratification to many people, including, one need scarcely say, the American Duchess, herself. Of course, there are also disappointments attaching to events of this kind, and in this case they are particularly keen, since the wife of the heir-presumptive also comes from America, where the difference between a real Dukedom and a mere courtesy title is very clearly appreciated. And *her* prospective, and, as it seemed, safely established Dukeling was born years ago.

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

According to the King of the Hellenes, Greek victories in the Balkans were largely due to lessons learnt in Germany. This statement must have soothed the German military staff, which was, it will be remembered, much vexed by the failure of their other pupils—the Turks.

* * *

The *Berliner Tageblatt* has warned the German public against building too extravagant hopes on King Constantine's visit. We second that warning. All it is likely to result in is in the German public having to consume enormous quantities of that delicious little fruit, the currant.

* * *

"A new island, half as big as Heligoland itself, has been added," a contemporary states, "to that German Gibraltar. It has been built of materials brought from Germany." This sounds a creditable feat, and there seems no reason why, if this coral insect spirit continues, the German Empire should not become a big one at some future date.

* * *

Mr. Balfour's speech on Home Rule is, we understand, only the precursor of a great many others by politicians on either side, and no suggestion of a compromise will be made until these speeches have all been delivered.

* * *

The average man, both here and in Ireland, who would undoubtedly prefer the Home Rule affair to be settled as soon as possible, must bear in mind that our M.P.'s have their little vanities like other people. "Speeches first; business later," has become quite a little maxim with them.

* * *

We hate to interpose our word into this quarrel between the Libraries and the Authors—but could not some compromise be arrived at in this case also? Suppose Sir Jesse Boot undertook to withdraw his ban upon "Sinister Street" and "The Devil's Garden" on condition that he was at liberty to label all copies: "Poison. With Care."

* * *

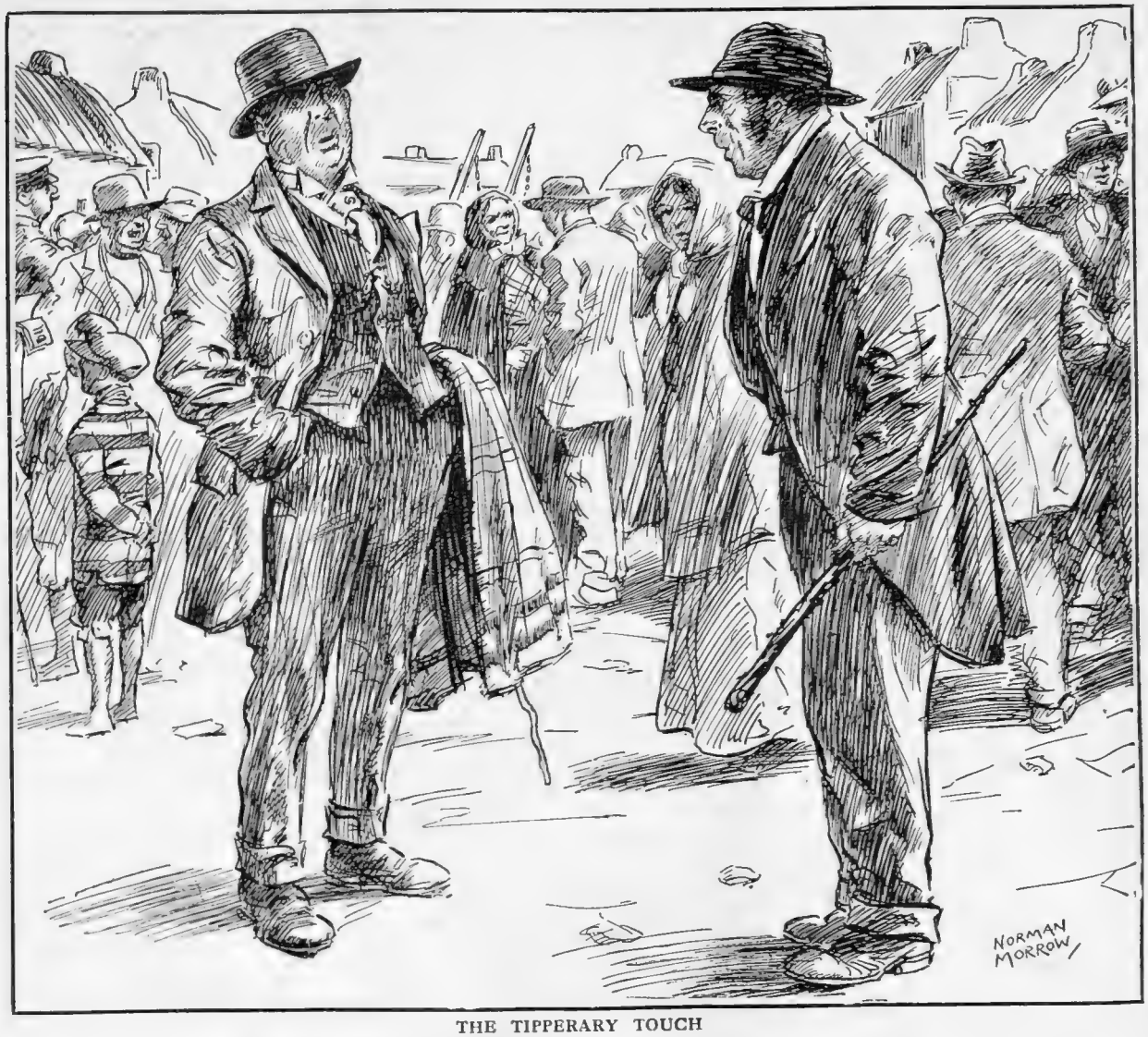
This suggestion, which may appeal to a chemist, would be less likely to affect W. H. Smith and Son, who, apart from books, only sell envelopes, travellers' caps, and so forth. Perhaps they could agree to exhibit copies of such books as do not seem to harmonise well with envelopes and pencils on the afternoons when their more juvenile assistants are having their weekly half-holiday?

* * *

Lord Haldane's wish—expressed at Montreal—that the Three Nations should become one in spirit seems already on its way to fulfilment. Certainly Great Britain, the United States, and Canada are the only three peoples equally desperately interested in the case of Mr. Harry Thaw.

* * *

A postman is reported to have discovered a new wheat, which he claims to be better than any now grown. That is the contrary way things happen



THE TIPPERARY TOUCH

"Did ye get a good price for the cob?"
"Well, now, I didn't get as much as I was expecting—but ach! I didn't expect I would"

By Norman Morrow

in this world. Lots of farmers, for example, think they could easily devise a telephone system better than anything the postal authorities now provide.

* * *

Complaint has been made to the Admiralty that the discharge of oil from Chatham dockyard and from ships of the navy is having a deleterious effect upon the oyster beds near Rochester. We trust that this will have the immediate effect of causing the Admiralty to give up the idea of substituting oil for coal in the Navy, as it is most important that oysters should be able to sleep safely in their beds.

* * *

"How to Play — America's Secret," was the heading of a recent article in a halfpenny contemporary which dealt, as usual, with America's superiority

NO! NOT YET!

HIS REVERENCE: "Well, well, Mick, sure it must be foive years since I saw ye, and how's the ould father. Is he aloive yet?"

MICK: "No, not yet"

By Bert Thomas

over ourselves in the matter of games. "How to Grouse—About One's Own Country—England's Secret," would, we fancy, make another article quite as true and interesting.

* * *

"Old-fashioned rheumatism has lasted long enough," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "and must now give way to the more modern term of 'fibrositis.'" Soon the fashionable doctor will be cheering up nervous patients by saying—"No doubt about it, I'm afraid. It's a case of 'fibs.'"

* * *

"A curious new-comer to the London Zoo is the boat-bill. Its habit of standing for hours together without moving," says the *Mail*, "has earned for it the title of the laziest bird living." Perhaps, however, the poor creature only belongs to some Birds' Trade Union, as yet unknown to ornithologists?

DOWNWRITINGS

THE BRAYINGS OF THE LIBRARIES' ASS.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—Delighted, I'm sure, to take up cudgels, as you suggest, for the Libraries' Association. As you say, everybody else seems to be down upon them, and there must be *some* sane explanation of their action in banning two such powerful novels as Mr. Maxwell's *Devil's Garden* and Mr. Mackenzie's *Sinister Street*.

—•••—

An Association is usually accurately described by the first three letters of its name, but an Ass must have a reason for braying—even an unconscious one. Though to the outward eye the banning of these books seems monstrous buffoonery, could one but get into the inner recesses of the "minds" of those who are responsible there must be hidden therein some wee speck of a justification.

—•••—

To prejudice myself obediently in their favour I borrowed, while you were at lunch the other day, your review copy of *The Devil's Garden*, in order, as it were, to Mudify—or should I say to Bootify?—myself. I tried to read this book as were I the official "taster" for one of the lending libraries. For the first six chapters I felt I was in for disappointment. In this tale of a postmaster—happily married to the most devoted of wives—hauled up to St. Martin's to be censured for over-zeal, I saw no prospect of the hoped-for shock to my puritan susceptibilities. The hero was the best man I had ever feared to meet, and his wife seemed the embodiment of more domestic virtues than I had ever dreamed of. No, Friend Maxwell, even you weren't going to work anything bannable into this. Left all such peccadilloes behind in *The Guarded Flame* and *Mrs. Thompson*; this to be a real, good instructive book to read on a Sunday afternoon!

Photograph *Vandyk*

MR. W. B. MAXWELL

Author of "The Devil's Garden," published by Hutchinson, which has been banned by the Circulating Libraries

—•••—

Well . . . then I came to Chapter Seven. The postmaster has been reinstated by the providential intervention of the "squire," who'd known his impeccable wife Mavis since girlhood, and had been very, very good to her. The squire had gone up to London specially to do her husband this service, and Postmaster Dale goes to thank him. He is surprised at the number of pretty actresses' photos in his rooms. (A naughty old squire? Well, why not?) Back to his lodgings, who there, unexpectedly, but Mavis, his wife, beautifully dressed, and rolling in five-pound notes. Takes her out for the evening, and they do themselves proudly, Mavis imbibing into her peerless little inside just a wee drop too much. While thus, lets drop something about "what *she's* gone through these last few days." Jealous Dale, thinking that he had been doing all the "going through," wonders suspiciously what she means, and suddenly searches her vanity bag to find, as well as five-pound notes, a return half ticket to their country home which had been booked *three days previously*. She has been up in London, too, unknown to him. What doing? Well, there comes the scene for which, chiefly, I read that the book has been banned. Dale's wrath is something hideous to read about, as is the nature of his wife's confession (of her misconduct with the squire). I got so excited that I found myself forgetting that I was Mudified, and resumed breathlessly my original personality, reading the book with a voracity that caused some of my fellow-clubmen to inquire the name of the novel, and suddenly to dash from the room.

—•••—

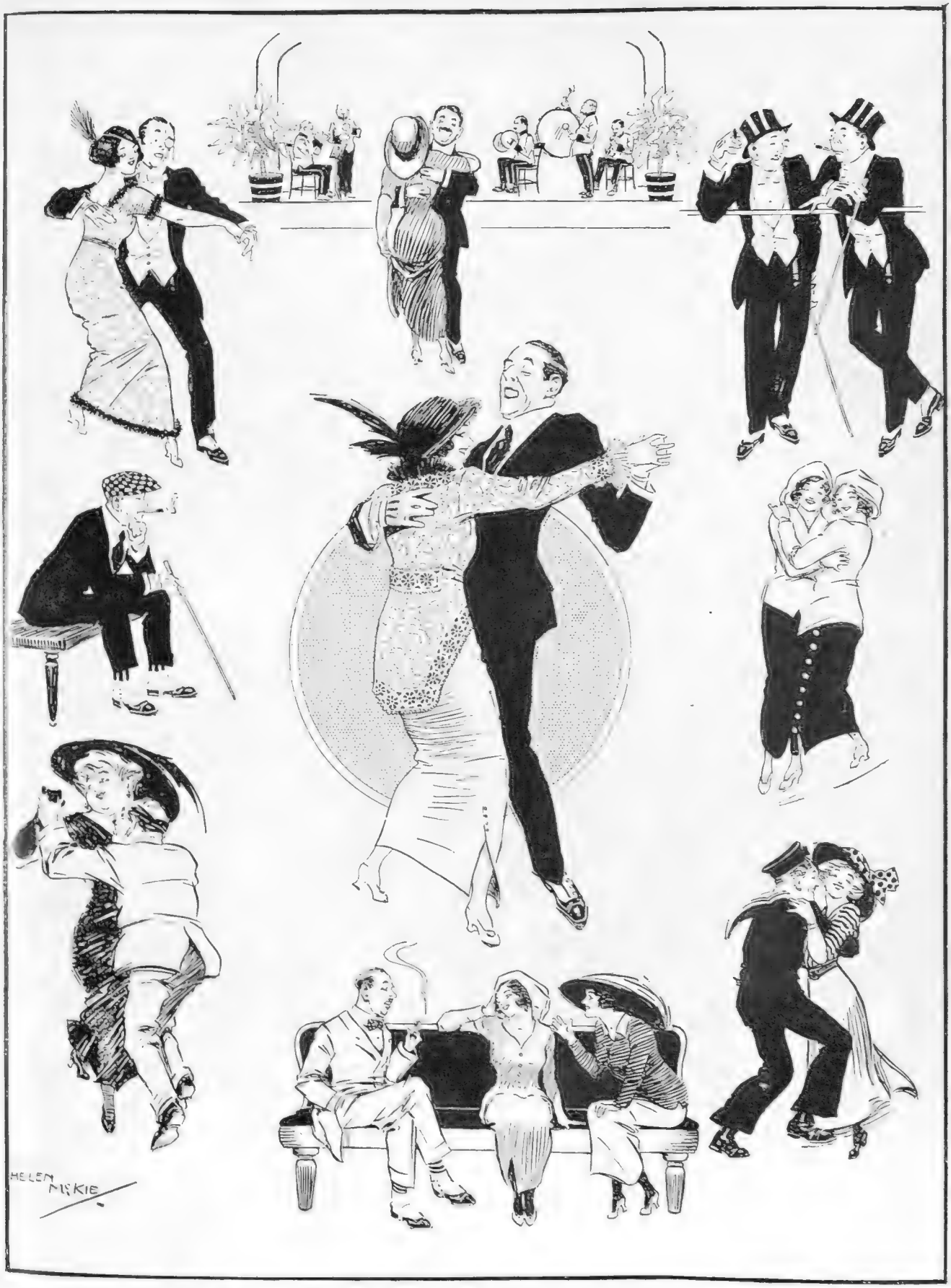
After this thrill the book becomes jogtrot. Dale recovers from the awful shock, forgives his wife, settles down with her to a new and decidedly smug and humdrum life, and rears a family. All the time, however, the reader knows perfectly well that that shock of disillusionment as to his wife's impeccability has left its traces on Dale. Good husband as he grows to be (and a Baptist to Boot), one has a suspicion that "there's a summat" coming. Intense curiosity as to what it is causes one to plough through acres and acres of literary bog until, near the end, one runs right up against this rather painful "summat." A hint of latent morbidity in Dale's nature was given in the opening chapters—Mr. Maxwell leaves nothing unanticipated; he is a master of subtle suggestion—and the latter chapters are a confirmation of the reader's artistically aroused suspicion.

—•••—

To assume, first, that Chapter Seven is the trouble. To my certain knowledge, the shelves of Mudie are already crowded to suffocation with unfaithful wives, who have gone astray out of their own wickedness, and not, like Mavis, for the noble purpose of saving their husbands from ruin. Mavis is the sort of faithless one who would be regarded by her sisters on the shelves as virtuous, an amateur at the game who had no right

Terpsichorean Thrills

MOVING IMPRESSIONS OF THE EARL'S COURT DANCING SALOON



Quite one of the most delightful features of the United Services Exhibition at Earl's Court is a dancing saloon, where devotees can worship at the throne of Terpsichore for so small a tax as sixpence. Here congregate of an evening all sizes and conditions of dancers, enjoying themselves, amazing as it may seem, with scarcely any trace of the alleged English self-consciousness and reserve

BY HELEN McKIE

THE BRAYINGS OF THE LIBRARIES' ASS. (concluded)

there at all, and is in herself the most thoroughgoingly moral person I've met for a long time. The fatal scene is enacted in a bedroom, and Mavis is half undressed. Is that the trouble? But I'm sure there are equally lurid bedroom scenes in the pages of the great unbanned. Perhaps it is because this is a real bedroom, Mavis is a real woman, her husband a real man, and the description of the scene realistic. Mavis's "squire" has treated her, while under his roof, with a refinement such men of his type are known to affect. Perhaps that is the offending thing—that the squire, instead of being the crude, conventional, unbanned "villain," is the sort of person one actually knows to indulge in conduct of this kind.

Mr. Maxwell lays everything before us in detail, as *we know it to happen in real life*. Is that the unpardonable sin? If the grievance against the book is Dale's infatuation for the adopted girl Norah, and its detailed description, the only difference between this and similar episodes in numerous unbanned novels is that it is rather better described, and also that the psychology of the thing is, for once, correct. Is it improper to be psychologically correct? I should have thought that, in tracing before the reader's eye the possible consequences in later life of an aberration of youth, Mr. Maxwell was discharging a high moral duty.

But I have undertaken, Sir, to prove that in its campaign against the truth in literature the Ass is braying for the public good. The young people for whom the Censorship exists may be given stories of errant wives and husbands, but never in such a way as might appear to be founded on actuality. The argument, I suppose, is that a story of sexual emotion only does harm when it appears to be a history. Possible things may be done by impossible, but never by possible, people. Directly Mr. Library Censor happens on a passage which hints to him that the author writes accurately with inner knowledge, down goes the blue pencil. I have to oblige by justifying this attitude.... Now, Mr. Editor, I have said many offensive things about the limitations of space in THE BYSTANDER. I withdraw them all. On this occasion, I am most profusely grateful that "space prevents" my offering the needed justification for this latest bray of the Libraries' Ass. I must leave you to find it for yourself.

DOWNWRITER

Ba-Ta-Clan-Mid-Les-Sex

A False Prophet

If anybody had seen THE-BYSTANDER-in-Paris two years ago, and had asked him which of all the entertainments he knew was least likely to cross the Channel, he would have said: "The Revue at Ba-Ta-Clan." Indeed, so unfamiliar, so un-English did he feel it to be that he wrote an article to try and explain to English people what Ba-Ta-Clan was like! And now Ba-Ta-Clan has migrated to the Middlesex, and that for the second time! It is really too bad to spoil prophecies, even if unrecorded, in this way.

The English Version

However, it is only fair to say that *C'est Chic* is rather the product of Ba-Ta-Clan-Mid-Les-Sex than of Ba-Ta-Clan *tout court*. One remembers that particular theatre as the home of some of the broadest humour in Paris. There is hardly a line in *C'est Chic* that could bring a blush to the most painted cheek. Of course, there are other things—the dancing of La Belle Serrana, for instance—but, still, what are they compared with what they might have been! For the English market Madame Rasimi—could a woman run a music-hall in London, I wonder?—prefers to rely on her costumes and scenery rather than on wit, or even, if I may say this without being ungallant, on a collection of pretty girls. In *J'Adore Ça* she was, perhaps not unsuccessful. In *C'est Chic* I fear she has definitely failed.

A Really Good Turn

However, there is at least one really good thing in *C'est Chic*, and that is Fortuné as Tartarin de Tarascon. This excellent comedian used, if I remember rightly, to specialise in the comic *agent* indispensable to all French revues, but I have never seen him better than as the typical Provençal of Daudet's imagination. Indeed, the scene where Tartarin comes to Paris and is informed by Bompard that all the dangers of Paris, including *apaches*, are "got up" to preserve the reputation of the City for excitement, is a not unworthy descendant of the immortal chapter where Tartarin is persuaded that Switzerland is run by a limited liability company, and that at every crevasse there is a man stationed to catch you as you fall. Indeed, Tartarin is great fun throughout, in the police-court, when he is mistaken for the new magistrate, and in the audience, when he gets up to protest because the revue contains nothing about the Missing Pearl Necklace—and is arrested for creating a disturbance. Besides, it was droll to see the real English policeman in the gallery enjoying the manœuvres of his make-believe French colleague in the stalls.

A Comparison and a Hint

That, indeed, is the greatest charm of these "Ba-Ta-Clan" performances. Like a whiff of *caporal*, they bring back the terrible atmosphere of French theatres, the extortions of *ouvreuses*, the interminable *entr'actes*—which is all very pleasant . . . in London! Another joy is the audience, or, to be strictly accurate, the English section of it. It laughs uproariously whenever possible, especially at the funny word *cochon!* Frankly, however, the Anglo-French programme might do a little more to help the uninitiated. May I suggest to the management that "*Défilé des éclaireuses, les heroines de la pièce de Maurice Donnay, conduites par le Chat Noir*" is not best explained to an English audience by: "Procession of the Girl Scouts under the leadership of the Black Cat." Indeed, I wonder what on earth people who knew nothing of Donnay or the famous cabaret thought it all meant.

FRANCIS TOYE

"C'est Chic"

ONE FRENCH REVUE GIVES WAY TO ANOTHER

CHIC LITTLE FRENCH GIRLS IN THE NEW MIDDLESEX REVUE, "C'EST CHIC"

The phenomenal success of the French Revue, *J'Adore Ça*, recently running at the new Middlesex Theatre, prompted the management to produce *C'est Chic*, yet another of these French entertainments. Can it be wondered that the legitimate theatre is hard put to it to make ends meet in the face of such competition? Even the obstinate "thinking public" must eventually succumb to such temptations—perhaps

After the Tango: The Maxixe as the Rage of the Autumn

ONE OF THE MAXIXE POSITIONS—

PRETTY, WITHOUT BEING IMPROPER!

IT is said the Brazilian Maxixe is going to flood our ball-rooms this winter. Very possibly, if we may judge by its success at places like Dinard and Deauville. At any rate, it would offer an agreeable contrast to the ugly rowdiness of most one-steps, and the rather suggestive, though graceful, monotony of the Tango. As a matter of fact, the Brazilian Maxixe is, in a sense, allied to the Tango, for both the rhythm of the music and the idea of some of the steps are not dissimilar. But it is more energetic, and—let the chaperones take heart again!—the one dancer does not cling to the other, as the ivy to the tree. Indeed, the characteristic of this new dance is extended movement, and that will, perhaps, militate against its success. For the dancers of it require a good deal of space—which is just the thing most difficult to obtain in the modern ball-room. However, as the Brazilian Maxixe is so pretty, and as not even the most prurient could consider it objectionable, it will be a great pity if we do not make an effort to acclimatise it in London.

THE RHYTHM OF THE MAXIXE
"BRESILIEN"

—AND ANOTHER

BY ROSE LE QUESNE

The Bystander in Paris

A PEASANT AUTHOR

Antonin Dusserre

"This is the author of 'Jean and Louise,'" said little Marguerite Audoux, whom readers of THE BYSTANDER may possibly remember as the author of that "literary impertinence" called "Marie Claire." And then we both burst out laughing, for I had held my hand out to an empty doorway, and there was no author to be seen. A day or two before my friend Marguerite, who is the sweetest and bashfullest celebrity of forty-five in my acquaintance, had given me a manuscript to read. It was called "Jean and Louise," the author's name was Antonin Dusserre, and the story had impressed me so that I had scuttered across Paris, climbed five very steep flights of stairs to Marguerite Audoux's tiny flat which overlooks the Montparnasse cemetery, and asked her for some information on the author. "I'll introduce you to him," Marguerite had said, thrown a door open, and added: "This is the author of 'Jean and Louise.'" A moment afterwards I heard Marguerite explaining matters. "He's perfectly harmless, and he likes your book. Come out, and don't be a great zany, Tonin," she was saying.

A Shy Celebrity

It's wonderful how curiously like quite ordinary people these celebrities do talk sometimes. "Yes, of *course*, you may wear your hat if you want to. I've told him your eyes are weak, and if you don't want all Paris and most of London to know that your head is weak too, you will come into the next room, and behave like a reasonable creature." I more than half expected to have to take Antonin Dusserre on my knee, and quite expected him to be a female prodigy of tender years. He wasn't. Through the open door stalked a tall, broad-shouldered man in a black lustrine jacket, twiddling a broad-brimmed soft felt hat in hands which looked far more accustomed to the plough than to the pen. It was a long while before I could persuade him to talk, and even now though we are great friends, he will sit for hours without a word till some chance remark strikes sparks out of him.

The Book and its Author

You will judge of his book for yourselves before long. My object is to tell you something of the man whose name will, I believe, be on most reading peoples' lips in Europe and America before the end of the month, for his book will be published in the English language before it appears in French. Dusserre is a peasant of Auvergne. He was born in the tiny village near Aurillac, where he has spent all his life, till Marguerite Audoux met him and brought him up to Paris to see publishers. He is a rough-looking, fair-headed, red-moustached man of forty-seven, lame of one arm, where a falling tree struck him, and partially blinded by the same accident. He talks, as I have said, scarcely at all, but he has read voraciously, and has learned English, German, and Spanish at the ploughtail, from such books as he has managed to pick up and study. The language which he talks has the roll and the burr of the tongue of Auvergne, which is much like the Provençal. The language which he writes is pure as crystal, and the man has the mind of an innocent child with the power of suffering of a full-grown man who has known what real suffering means.

ANTONIN DUSSERRE

The peasant author of Auvergne, who e novel, "Jean and Louise," has been much admired by Marguerite Audoux, the novelist, and some French critics. M. Dusserre forms the subject of the article on this page

A Letter to Marguerite Audoux

When Antonin Dusserre read "Marie Claire" he took his courage in both hands, and wrote to Marguerite Audoux. The little woman happened to be in the neighbourhood of Aurillac soon after she received his letter, and there was something in the wording of it which made her want to see the writer. "You watched your flocks in Sologne, Madame," wrote Dusserre, "I watch my herds of cattle on the Cantal. I have written a story. I think some of the spirit of our beautiful country is in it. Will you read it, one day, and tell me whether it can ever be printed?"

Godmotherly Interest

Marguerite Audoux read "Jean and Louise," and she was charmed with it. Then she overcame Antonin Dusserre's timidity, insisted on playing fairy godmother to him, and brought him up to Paris.

A Possible Classic

There is very little story. Antonin Dusserre hardly knows what a three-volume novel is, and though he has read "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "Don Quixote" in the languages in which they were written, he has never heard of Miss Marie Corelli, and thought Mr. Hall Caine a member of the Cabinet until I undeceived him. "Jean and Louise" is simply the story of the love of a man and a girl, which ends in tragedy. But the texture of the book, the setting of the story, is, to my mind, a tissue of such delicate beauty that the work deserves to be counted with the classics. JOHN N. RAPHAEL

THE ILL-FATED GERMAN AIRSHIP, L. 1.

Which was wrecked last week in a sudden storm off Heligoland, eventually sinking in the North Sea with fifteen members of the crew. The L. 1. was the latest type of Zeppelin, with a displacement of twenty-two tons, and could travel at fifty-two miles an hour

DOMINION OF MAN

Man's Country

This is Man's country. In clothing and pin-money Woman is as dear as anywhere else; in relation to Man she is cheap. Man is on top. Man is distant, familiar, rude, rudely polite, condescending, chivalrous, contemptuously chivalrous: Woman is eye-uplifted, adoring, servile. That is Man's attitude to Woman: rather, Woman's to Man, for Man is magnificently passive, and needs no attitude.

Servility

You see that everywhere. On the stage when Herr Assesor V. Jasnicki takes out a cigar, it is red-haired Fräulein Hertha who runs for matches; who, while he lolls magnificently with legs on high, lights them with the reverence of a vestal tending a millennial flame. It is Fräulein Hertha who rises magnificently when Herr V. Jasnicki leaves the room.

Male Apathy

You see that, with another class, on Sunday down Müggelsee way. You see them a-walking out: he well-dressed, thick, with Niagaras of crimson neck pouring over his collar: she, with all her figure in front, with crimson, mittened hands: on his face splendid indifference: on her's love and pride—earthworm servility towards him; eagle arrogance towards the world at having him. And when the pair make for a seat, and with all the publicity of unashamed England tenderly embrace, it is she who imprints the kiss, while he yawns and smokes.

Rare License

Rarely does he stoop to show to Woman the humanity which in other than sex relations exudes all over him. Even Herr Dr. Ing. Gamradt, when he produced the weekly *Illustrierte* showing Heringsdorf bather-men slapping their ladies' bare thighs, said: "These kindly, domestic scenes are rare. Our men, in truth, are stock-stiff; and stand too much on their dignity."

The Egotist

The dominion of Man appears in native Art, in the Theatre, most of all on the Variety Stage. Man worships Man. At Winter Palace, Apollo, and all the different *Chats, noir, vert,* and *bleu,* Man holds the scene. There are men dancers, men jugglers, men bicyclists, men acrobats: seldom a well-turned ankle or gracious face. Painters, when not limning beef, paint hairy men, gnarled and naturalistic; and sculptors grave bull-necked colossi, monstrous and mythic, mostly naked as flame. By his godlike nature the Man is always decent; but when Franz von Bayros draws a rococo shepherdess dressed in zephyrs and a crook they try to send him to gaol.

Woman Considerate

The matter came up in a talk with the Gamradts: when Letitia, the Berlin Bystander's wife, told what she'd seen on the Underground. At Nollendorfplatz into her no-smoking compartment came a good-looking, hard-faced, Mensur-scarred Pruss of unmistakeably better class. He held a glowing cigar. A pretty girl next Letitia rose with a blush. The Pruss—while she stood respectfully—greeted her with great politeness, but looked embarrassedly at his cigar. "I ought to have waited for you in a smoking carriage," said the pretty girl. "Oh, never mind," said the man. "I can put it out." And he pushed the cigar against the glass partition.

A Cigar Story

"Oh, no, I insist," said the pretty girl. She put her hand on his sleeve. "Oh, no, 'twould be ridiculous," said the man. Then after waiting a moment, during which the girl got scarlet, he said: "Oh, well, if you will insist. . . ." And he took her white arm, and as the train was leaving the station made for a smoking carriage. When she told this story Letitia remarked, somewhat tactlessly, "I believe some women here unlace their husbands' boots."

Serfdom Disproved

Herr Dr. Ing. and Frau Dr. Ing. Gamradt took that good-humouredly. "In the first place," said Dr. Gamradt, "the Underground case proves nothing. And if you'll excuse me, gracious lady, the boot-lacing remark is exaggerated. Such things never occur. I have seen scores of men unlacing their own boots, and never once. . . ."

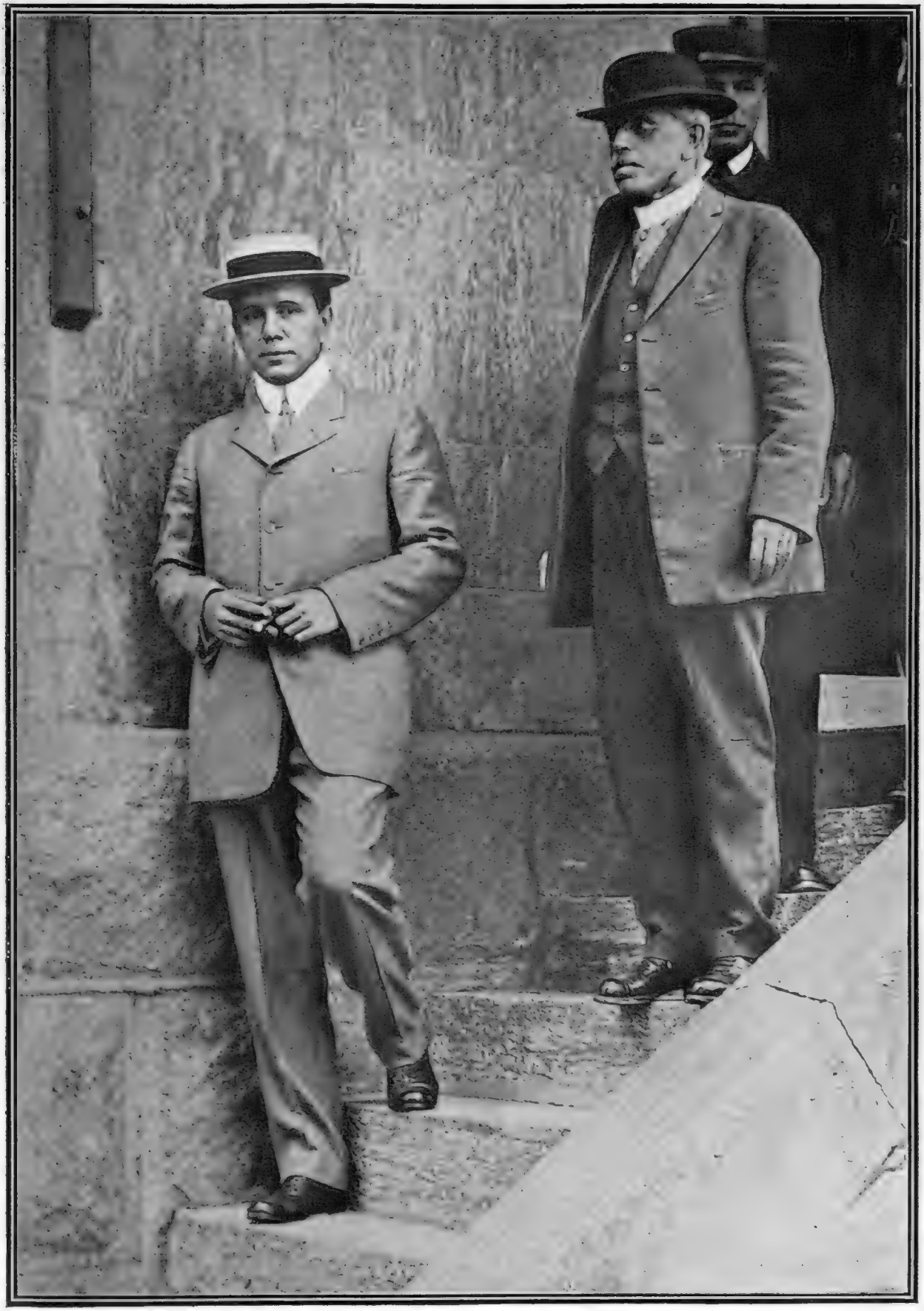
"Do you remember that honeymoon couple," put in Frau Dr. Gamradt, "that got into our compartment at Schierke?"

"I was going to mention it," said Herr Gamradt. "In this case, my superior British friends, the bridegroom wanted to rest his stockinged feet on the cushion. According to gracious lady his bride would take them off. The notion's preposterous. . . ."

"He took them off himself," said Frau Dr. Ing. Gamradt. "Frau Letitia takes far too seriously the sneers at our country in the Paris Press."

Returned—With Thanks

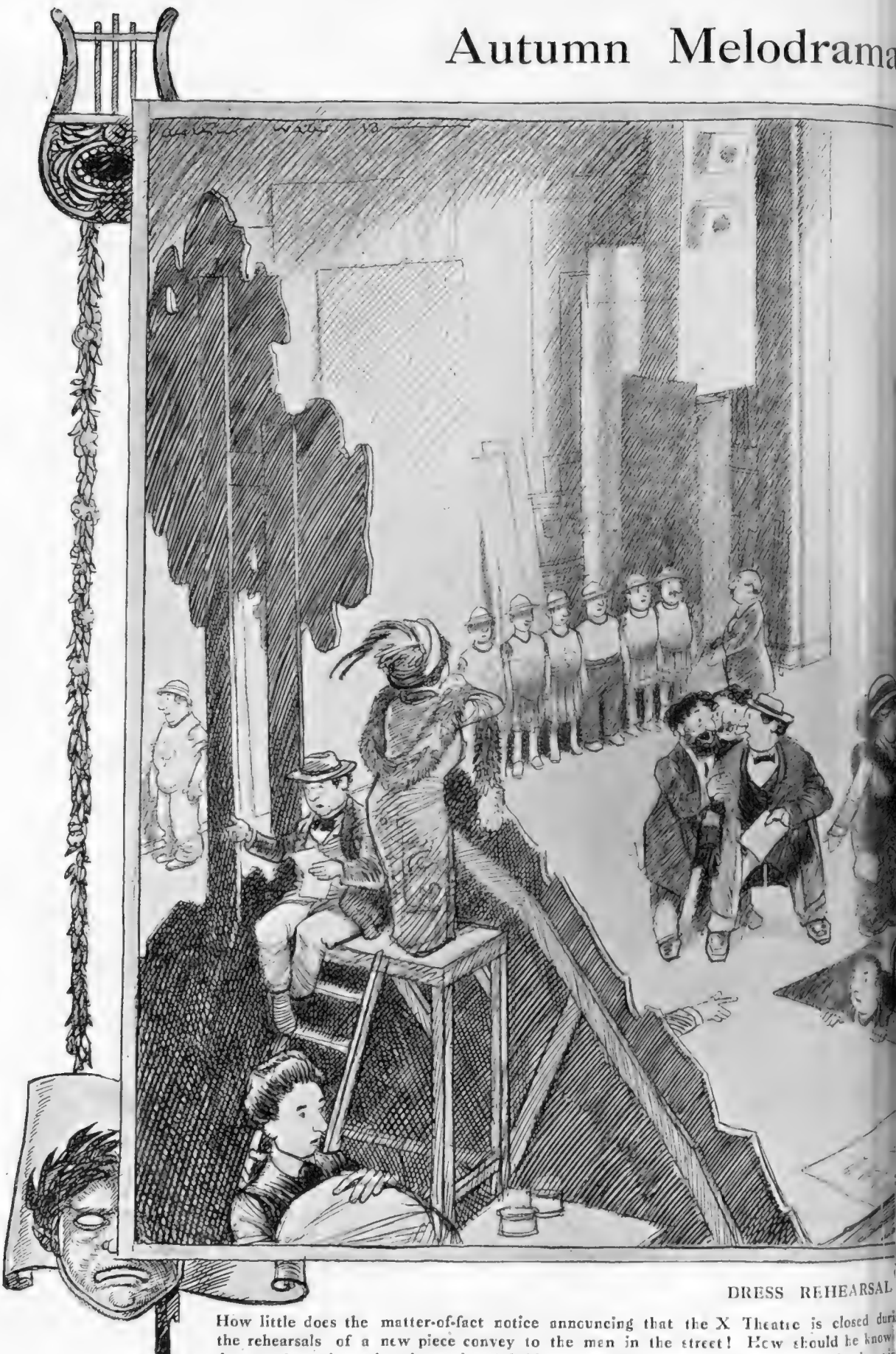
AFTER A BRIEF TASTE OF FREEDOM AND PUBLICITY



HARRY K. THAW OUTSIDE HIS GAOL AT SHERBROOKE, CANADA

While we adopt an attitude of benevolent neutrality towards the Powers of Thaw in their conflict with the United States of America, we should not have regarded with equanimity the adoption of British nationality by the eccentric millionaire—and are a little relieved that he has got back once again to his native country, the scene of his famous exploit

Autumn Melodrama



DRESS REHEARSAL

How little does the matter-of-fact notice announcing that the X Theatre is closed duri the rehearsals of a new piece convey to the men in the street! How should he know the pandemonium that has reigned behind those dreaming silent buildings—the hurryi

a in the Making

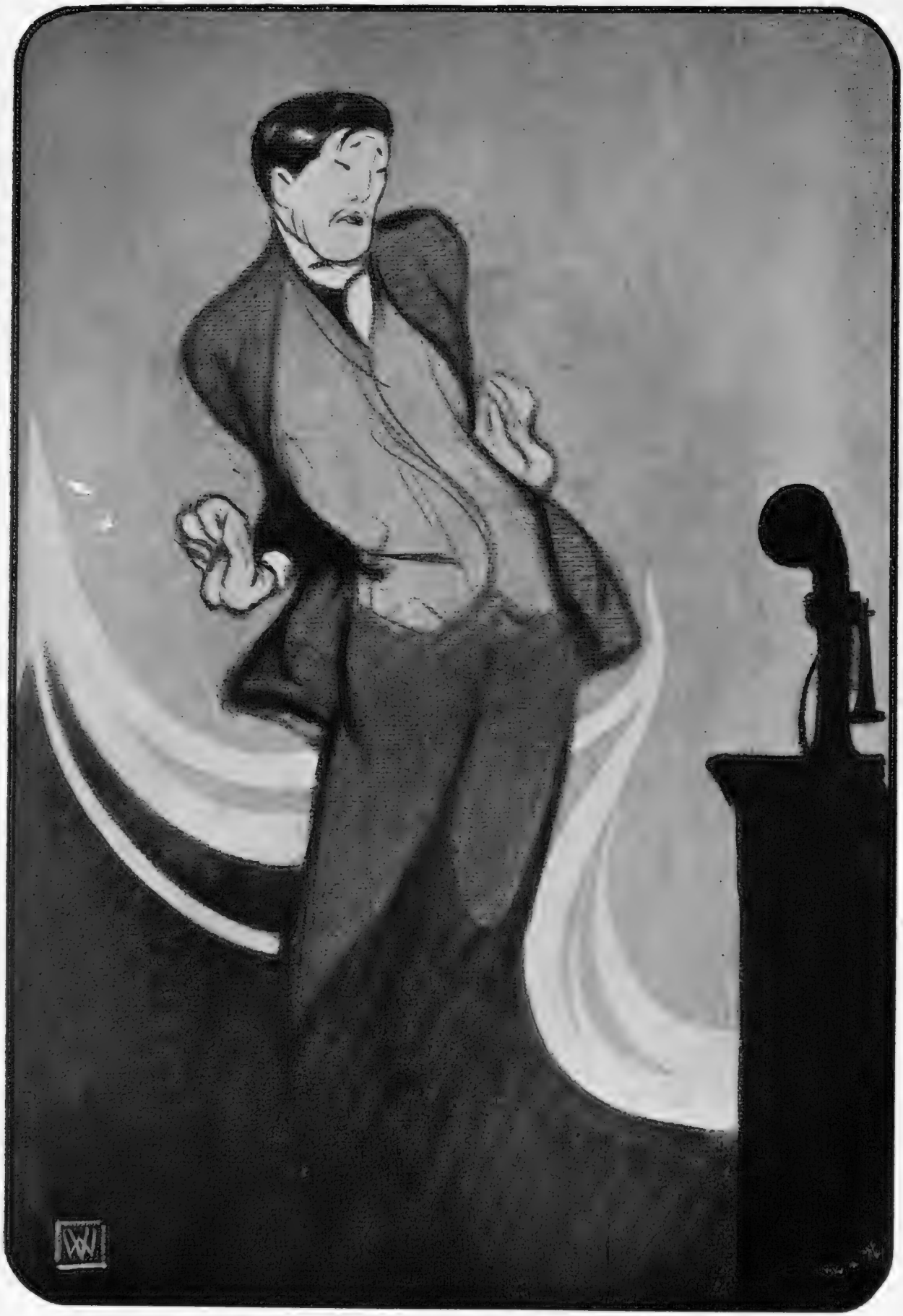
EVE BEHIND THE SCENES

BY ARTHUR WATTS

worrying uproar that constitutes a rehearsal. To him the smooth-running First Night, with its orderly sequence of events is nothing wonderful. Only those who have been privileged to watch the chaos from which it has been evolved can appreciate what is often nothing less than a miracle

"Typhoon" Still Raging

MR. LAURENCE IRVING TAKES A FOURTH HOUSE FOR HIS JAPANESE "TOUR DE FORCE"



Typhoon has migrated once more—this time to the New Theatre. Transferred respectively from the Haymarket, the Queen's, and the Globe, this extraordinary play has, therefore, been seen at no fewer than four theatres. Our drawing shows Mr. Laurence Irving, whose remarkable impersonation of Takeramo, the Japanese student, has been, and still is, the talk of the theatrical world

BY VERA WILLOUGHBY

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

A New Musical Comedy and a Fantastic Farce

BY "JINGLE"

"LOVE AND LAUGHTER" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

THERE can be no doubt of the complete success of this entertainment. It is described as a "comic opera;" but it is not at all unlike a musical comedy. I shall not, however, pretend to be able to define the difference between the two classes of entertainment from the point of view of the general public. I know that when one of my literary friends produces a new novel he speaks of it as a new "work;" while another friend who deals in the same class of merchandise frankly admits that he has written a new "book." But, after all, what does it matter what we are called so long as we are good? And *Love and Laughter* is not only good, but it seems to me to be the most complete entertainment of its kind I have witnessed. The scenery and mounting are singularly satisfying for their tasteful colouring and real beauty; while the principal songs and duets are of the kind that one wants to hear again. In common with the majority of the British public, I find music of a complicated sort rather boring, and I am bound, therefore, to conclude, from the fact that the music of this piece attracted me, that it is of the popular order which makes for success in this country.

The story is well told on the jolly old lines of a Prince who is betrothed to a Princess whom he has never seen, and whom he is consequently resolved never to marry. Needless to explain, in due course the Prince subsequently meets the lady in question in disguise, and at once falls in love with her, and everything ends as originally designed. The merit of the entertainment, however, consists of the fresh treatment of the old complication; and if the humour is, as is usual in musical plays, of a rather indifferent quality, it is quite good of its kind. The Prince is Mr. Bertram Wallis, who has every qualification for shining in such a part; and the part of the Princess is taken very charmingly by Miss Evelyn D'Alroy. The chief humorist is Mr. Tom A. Shale, who, as a Prince Consort evolved from the comparatively humble state of a Labour Member, has a distinctly clear notion of how a comic song ought to be sung. Mr. A. W. Baskcomb as an aviator (and inventor of patent mousetraps) is also very funny. As a prettily sentimental play with music, *Love and Laughter* seems to me to be quite admirable, and I imagine it is likely to enjoy a very prosperous run.

Two characters in "Love and Laughter" who help the play to go with the required musical comedy swing

"THE WILL" AND "THE ADORED ONE" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

Mr. Charles Frohman has opened the autumn season at the Duke of York's Theatre with two plays by Sir James M. Barrie. The first of these is a delightful piece of work remarkably well acted, especially by Mr. O. B. Clarence as a solicitor and Mr. Sydney Valentine as a man of property. Its production is a credit to all concerned.

The second play, *The Adored One*, is described as "A Legend of the Old Bailey," and I should not like to affirm on oath that I know exactly what it means. "Leonora" is the name given to a composite and entirely imaginary type of woman who embodies in herself all the most aggressive instincts of her sex, from a highly developed maternal instinct to a talent for Suffragist oratory. She is, indeed, a number of women rolled into one; and the first act, which reveals this fact is an extremely delicate and artistic effort. The second

TO BOO OR NOT TO BOO?

act deals with the trial of "Leonora" at the Old Bailey for no less an offence than that of wilful murder. She was travelling in a railway train with her little girl, who had a bad cold—"one of those sniffy ones," and the old gentleman sitting opposite refused to shut the window of the carriage on the plea that he wanted fresh air. As "Leonora" explains to the judge and jury in court, there was only one possible course under the circumstances for a dutiful mother to adopt; and so she opened the door of the carriage and pushed the old gentleman out on the line where he unfortunately came by his death.

It is all nonsense, of course—nonsense of the wildest and most fantastic kind; but I confess to having laughed at it quite uproariously myself. "Leonora" so fascinates the Court by her supposed embodiment of all that is best in womanhood that she practically does as she pleases, whether she is in the dock or out of it. As a matter of fact, she arrives late in Court, explaining in her winning way to the magistrate that she had been having tea with some friends, and—"you know how difficult it is to get away." During the examination of one of the witnesses the policeman on duty in the dock obligingly helps her to unravel a skein of crochet cotton, after which she proceeds unconcernedly with her task of making tiny shoes manifestly designed for a very new baby indeed. If she has any voice in the proceedings at all it is to express the polite hope that they will get the trial finished in time to allow her to catch the five-thirty train home, as she does not like to be out late at night; and when the jury retire to consider their verdict, she asks and obtains permission to accompany them so that she may enlighten them on any points they may have missed in the inconsequential evidence that has been given by the utterly unreliable witnesses.

Playing in "Love and Laughter" at the Lyric Theatre

A good deal of unnecessary publicity has been given to the antics of an organised crowd in the gallery that was ill-mannered enough to hiss the play at the fall of the curtain on the first night. I can never understand the spirit that prompts anyone to hiss in a theatre. If a spectator is satisfied that he has been lured into a theatre under false pretences, the management might be required to give him his money back and push him politely off the premises; but they ought not to have to put up with the consequences of his ill-breeding. When distinguished players like Sir John Hare and Mrs. Patrick Campbell find themselves faced with a storm of churlish sibilation it cannot be easy for them to assure themselves on the spur of the moment that the sounds of dissatisfaction are not meant for them but for the play which they have interpreted. In this particular instance the hissing was the more unjustifiable because the play, while being undoubtedly unsatisfactory from one point of view, is extremely entertaining to anyone with a healthy sense of the ridiculous. The flaw in it is that the irresponsible ending makes much of the fun seem purposeless; but I have myself very little sympathy with the man who wants to analyse a joke. I should not be surprised if, in spite of all the adverse criticism that has been passed upon this play, it should be found to have a decided attraction for a considerable section of the public.

JINGLE

Leading man in the new production at the Lyric Theatre

"The Adored One," Sir James M. Barrie's new play at the Duke of York's Theatre, is a quaint mixture of farce and fantasy. The acquittal of the heroine by the fascinated jurymen at the Old Bailey clearly justifies her action, born of true maternal instinct, in committing a murder to prevent her little girl's "sniffy" cold from getting worse. The play, for some obscure reason, met with rather a hostile reception on the first night from some ill-mannered members of the gallery, who recorded their dissatisfaction by making those unpleasant noises so common to their kind

BY NORMAN MORROW

The "Bystander" Series of Short Stories

THE REVOLUTIONARY

A TALE OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET

BY JEAN D'AUVERGNE

XENIA PETROVNA was in her dressing-room leisurely making ready for the gala performance of the evening. All around the tiny cubicle lay the tributes and tokens of her art: flowers, expensive roses all the way from Nice, jewels, gold brushes with a Grand Duke's crest on the back, and wonderful crystal flacons of costly perfumes. In the daytime she was Xenia Petrovna, unworshipped and unknown, but at night she was Medora, Raymonda, Odette—the rival of Pavlova and Karsavina and the first favourite of the Moscow ballet.

Xenia loved her art. The long rehearsals were soon forgotten in the joy of captivating her audience and in the rapture of being for a few hours the one object of vision for three thousand pairs of eyes. To-night her excitement was intense. The gala performance of *Corsair* was in honour of the Tsar's birthday, and all the leading officials, including the Governor and the Prefect, would be present. Xenia anticipated a triumph. Medora was her favourite rôle, and a thrill of confidence ran through her as she listened to the flattering gossip of her dresser. There was a knock at the door, and a page entered with a bouquet of magnificent orchids. Xenia clapped her hands with delight. In the beauty of the flowers the dressing was forgotten, and she jumped up from her seat like an excited child. Hastily she glanced at the card that was fastened with a gold thread to the bouquet, and, as she read, a faint shadow of annoyance crossed her face. The signature was that of the Prefect.

Like every ballerina, Xenia had a whole army of admirers, but she had never allowed her emotions to be diverted from her art, and among the gay Lotharios of the town she had the reputation of being cold and heartless. Scandal, however, had begun to couple her name with that of the Prefect. In one sense it mattered little to Xenia. If she loved the Prefect, the opinion of the outside world was of no importance to her. But there was her brother, and her brother was different from the other men in her life. The son of an impoverished country schoolmaster, he had from his early youth made music the ambition of his life. When their father had died he had brought Xenia to Moscow, and from small beginnings he had worked himself up until finally he had attained the goal of his desire as a second violinist in the orchestra of the Imperial Opera.

It was to him that Xenia owed her present exalted position. He had starved and scraped to save money for her lessons at the dancing-school. He had denied himself the barest comforts that she might lack nothing, and for ten years their life had been one of sordid misery. Then she had passed into the *corps de ballet*. It had been a long apprenticeship, but once launched on her career she had soon won her way to the top. Success might have turned her head, but her brother's sobering influence helped to steady her. He had no material desires, this brother of hers. His life was wrapped up in music, and as the apotheosis of his art he worshipped his sister, as a Sun-worshipper might worship the Sun, with a blind faith that sees no faults and allows for no mistakes.

Xenia was now twenty-seven, and by the nature of her life independent and self-reliant. Not for worlds, however, would she have done anything to offend her brother. But the Prefect was a different matter. One had to keep on good terms with the police, and the Prefect's little attentions were difficult to avoid.

Of late she had noticed that her brother seemed troubled and preoccupied. On ballet nights it was his invariable custom to come round to her dressing-room to see how she looked and to wish her success. It wanted only a few minutes to the overture, and yet he had not come. Xenia waited restlessly. She was hurt, and, perhaps, a little conscience-stricken. Then the *régisseur's* bell rang, and she forgot everything. She heard the girls of the ballet corps scurrying past her door to their places on the stage. She heard the orchestra tuning-up and the noisy coughing of the audience. Hastily she dabbed a little

"CLUB" DIGNITY

No instrument of Sport seems to lend quite the same dignity as a golf club or a set of clubs. This is specially noticeable in a crowd, such as at a railway station, where the carrier of golf clubs seems to stand as one selectly apart—and the cynosure of envious eyes

By E. Bruce

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"Not for an Age but for All Time"

THE ANCIENT CLOCK TOWER AT BERNE

Berne, the beautiful and romantic Capital of the Swiss Republic, literally teems with monuments, which have survived not only the heavy hand of Time, but the more devastating hand of the jerry-builder. Berne is noted for its mediæval fountains and its clocks, some of the former being among the best preserved specimens in Europe. Our photograph shows the famous clock tower, a veritable rendezvous for tourists, who wait to see the symbolical figures on the other side of the dial ingeniously strike out each fleeting hour

more powder on her cheeks and stiffened out the long dark lashes which shaded the clear limpid eyes almost topaz in the weirdness of their colouring. She had entered into the spirit of her part.

The curtain rose, and the audience settled down into silence. The house was crowded. All six tiers of the vast building were a glory of light and colour with the blue and gold of the officers' uniforms and the sparkling diamonds of the women. In the boxes were all the leaders of Moscow Society, wives and daughters of rich merchants extravagantly gowned and bejewelled, yet lacking something of the elegance and refinement of the Parisian or the Londoner. The great Imperial box in the centre of the first tier was unoccupied except by the two sentries on guard, but in the stalls, in the places specially reserved for them, sat the Governor and the Prefect.

When the favourite appeared, a ripple of applause passed round the house. As she bowed her acknowledgments, Xenia took in the audience at one glance, beginning with her brother in the orchestra and ending with the Prefect. She was dressed in some soft-clinging draperies that shaped themselves to every line of her body. In the veil of the half-light she looked like some Greek goddess come to life or the supreme incarnation of the women of Omar. In her scarlet Eastern robes she made an admirable Medora, and the audience, pleased beforehand at the prospect of seeing their favourite ballet interpreted by their favourite ballerina, lay back in their chairs to drink in the beauty of her movements.

To have a true conception of what a Russian ballet is, one must see it as it is produced in Russia. In Moscow the huge house, the vast stage with all its wonders of scenic effect, the excellence of the dancers trained to perfection even down to the least important unit, the orchestra of over a hundred instruments, and the burning enthusiasm of the audience, inspire one with a thrill of sensuous pleasure that cannot be experienced elsewhere. To the Russian the cult of sensuality is almost akin to religion, and the ballet is the supreme, the most delicate, appeal to the senses.

Xenia had never danced better. *Corsair* was an easier ballet than most, but in its dramatic intensity she found fresh scope for her genius. Breathless and intent, the audience followed her every movement, as she swayed and fell, pirouetted and gyrated, to the varying emotions of the music. Now angry, now coy and coquettish, now sad and languorous or plaintive and appealing, she held the hearts of the vast throng at her feet. She was like the daughter of Herodias. There was no one there who would not have given to the half of his kingdom to possess her.

When she came before the curtain at the end of the second act, a wild surging wave of enthusiasm swept the house. Great bouquets of flowers were passed up on to the stage. Students in the gallery stood up and shouted out her name in raucous tones. From every box handkerchiefs, shawls, wraps, were waved in a wild frenzy of applause. Men stamped their feet, and the clank of the officers' scabbards was added to the general noise. It was a veritable triumph. Xenia's cheeks flushed with pleasure. She bowed and kissed her hands to her cheering admirers. The Prefect was on his feet—shouting with the rest. He was a quiet little man with soft, kindly eyes, who looked more like a children's doctor than a soldier, but he belonged to the most hated profession in Russia, and public opinion had attributed to him a savagery which he was far from possessing. For an instant his eyes met hers, and a row of pearly teeth greeted him with a smile. It was a distinct salutation, and the Prefect's heart warmed within him.

As Xenia withdrew, she looked at her brother. In all the assembled throng he was the only one who seemed to take no active interest in her success. He was gazing straight at the music in front of him, apparently oblivious of his surroundings. His eyes had a wild, vacant stare, and he looked ill and haggard. Xenia had never seen him look like that before. She was worried and ill-at-ease. Vaguely she wondered if he had fallen into some trouble—some financial embarrassment or some collision with the police. In Russia one never knew what one's neighbour—not even one's own brother—was doing. She knew he had friends who sympathised with the revolutionary movement, but Sacha had always scoffed at politics. She had little time, however, for reflection, for her dresser was waiting, and she hurried off to change for the next act.

. . . .

The lights had been lowered, and the stage was wrapped in a veil of soft green light. The violins were sobbing out a nocturne of Chopin. Medora was alone on the stage. She had just been torn from the arms of her lover, as he lay in poisoned sleep. There was an expression of infinite longing in her eyes, and her little feet tripped so lightly over the boards they scarcely seemed to touch the ground. As her body swayed and undulated, she seemed to impart some of the sadness to the audience. The great sea of faces below her was as still as death. Then suddenly she stopped in the middle of a pirouette, regained her balance awkwardly, her arms spread out in front of her, and a look of intense agony on her face. Her parched lips moved twice in a fearful effort to speak, but no sound came. The conductor looked up inquiringly. Her eyes were fixed on her brother.

"Sacha!" she cried.

A shot rang out, followed almost instantaneously by a second and then a third. The Prefect pitched forward in his seat and fell in a huddled heap on the floor. In a moment all was pandemonium. As the unfortunate Sacha attempted to turn his revolver on himself, someone knocked it fiercely from his hand, and the flautist behind him struck him senseless with a savage blow of his instrument. Officers drew their swords. Men swore in their fear and strove to rush from the theatre. In the stalls women fainted or shrieked for help. From the gallery someone shouted: "Beware of the bomb!" There was a cry of "Revolutionaries! Anarchists!" A general panic set in. Then above the din was heard the fierce, hoarse shouting of the police. "Keep your seats! Keep your seats!" With drawn swords they barred the way, while some semblance of order was restored. A couple of doctors had hastened to the Prefect's assistance, but their efforts were of no avail. Death had been instantaneous. The girl on the stage had fainted.

. . . .

When she came to her senses, Xenia was at home in the little four-roomed flat which she shared with her brother. She was lying on a Turkish divan. A doctor was standing by her side and feeling her pulse. At the head of the divan her maid was glowering at two secret police agents as though challenging them to lay a hand on her mistress. Somewhat brutally the doctor

The Beloved of the "Gods"

DIVERTING THEIR ADMIRERS WITH "LOVE AND LAUGHTER"

MR. BERTRAM WALLIS AS "PRINCE CAROL" AND MISS EVELYN D'ALROY AS "KATINKA"

"Love and Laughter," now running with success at the Lyric Theatre is another of those delightful mixtures of pretty girls, handsome men, pretty songs and silly sayings, generally known as musical comedies. Though "Love and Laughter" is similar in style to many of its predecessors it is an eminently entertaining production, and since quite a large section of the playgoing public never ask for anything very original, theatre managers, of course, are not called upon to supply it. Our photograph shows two of the leading characters in the piece

stated that Xenia was better. Then the agents set about their work. They questioned her about her brother's friends, about the places he frequented, and the books he read. She handed over the keys of the various drawers and cupboards in the flat. For two hours they searched, scattering clothes and papers on the floor and throwing the tidy little rooms into a wild confusion. As the search progressed without revealing any proofs of revolutionary connections, the agents frankly lost their tempers. They were more than half suspicious of the girl herself. In their long and sordid experience it was always the women who were the most cunning schemers and the most daring plotters. They turned on her savagely and tried to bully her.

"Come now," said the elder of the two men, "We know there's a lot of you in this. It will be in your brother's interests if you speak now."

He tapped his nose significantly, and went through the pantomime of torture.

The girl winced. She seemed dazed and only dimly conscious of what was happening.

"There is nothing," she answered stupidly.

At last the agents came to the conclusion that there was no evidence to be obtained in the flat. If there ever had been any incriminating documents, they concluded that the assassin had burned them. Then with a foul oath at the time they had wasted they took their leave.

Left alone, Xenia sat down to think, but her brain refused to act. It seemed to her that she had been taken away on a long journey far away from all her friends. It was cold and dark in the new place to which she had come—a place full of strange people who could not understand her tongue. She was thirsty and wanted to drink, and when she asked for water she was given fire. There was a burning pain behind her temples.

The litter on the floor recalled her mind to the real nature of her position. With a gentle push of the foot she scattered the mass of papers that were lying in front of her. A small scented sheet of notepaper detached itself from the rest. Distractedly she picked it up and glanced at the writing. The letter was dated the same evening.

"I shall wait for you to-night," it ran. "You must dance for me as you have never danced before. I have sought you long, little Princess. If you will deign to smile but once for me I shall know that you will come. I wish you well."—GREESHA.

She read it through twice, her eyes nearly starting from her head. It was meant for herself, but she had never received it. Everything was as clear to her now as the noontide sky. Some bungler of a servant had done his work badly, and had delivered the note to her brother. Presumably the agents had left it behind purposely. Worn-out and hopeless, she sank back on the divan—too tired to sleep, too tired even to cry.

She *had* smiled.

Her lips moved in silent speech as she repeated the words to herself.

She had meant no harm. Still she had smiled, and Sacha had seen her smile.

Then something seemed to snap behind her eyes.

There was no sound in the little flat. The maid had long since gone to sleep. Through the open door she could see into her brother's room. He would never occupy it again. From the street below she heard the drunken shouting of some revellers from a neighbouring restaurant. The noise seemed not unlike the applause she was accustomed to at the ballet. It seemed to her that she could never dance again. Then, burying her face in her hands, she gave free course to the tears she had so long held back.

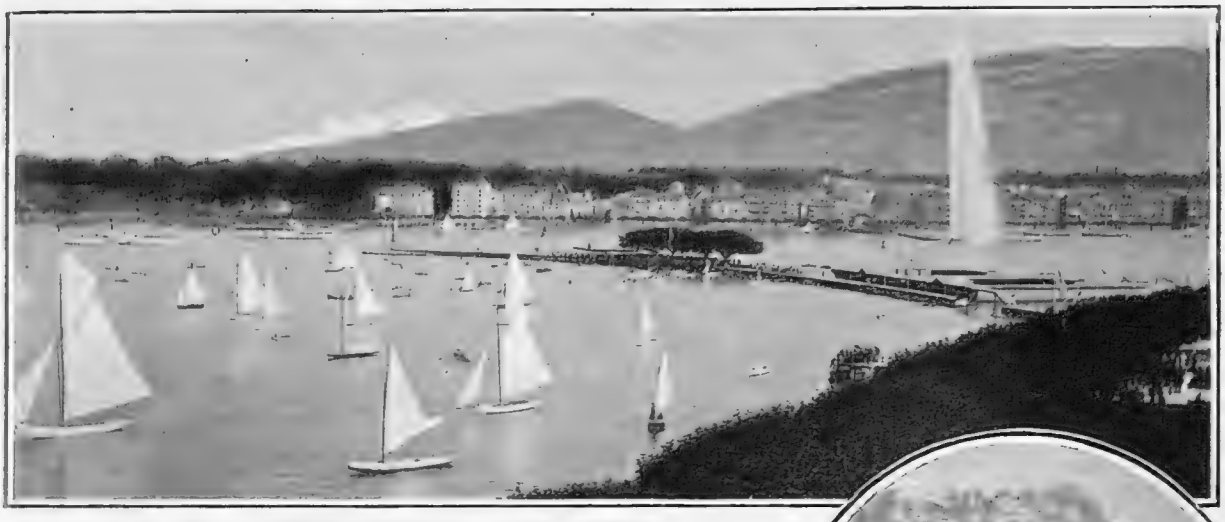
Greesha was the name of the murdered Prefect.

JEAN D'AUVERGNE

IN SEARCH OF QUIET—AND HE HAD ENGAGED THE ROOMS FOR A MONTH!

BY W. L. JACOBS

"The Traveller" on the Lake of Geneva



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE LAKE OF GENEVA

THE BEAUTIES OF LAC LEMAN

IN spite of an enormous crowd of passengers—the two boat trains were literally packed—we left Folkestone almost to the second of the scheduled time, and again at Boulogne there was no delay in getting off, so that that splendid train of which the Nord Company have every reason to be proud steamed into Paris punctually at nine o'clock. Paris looked rather deserted, and I was not sorry to find myself in the train again the following morning bound for Switzerland. The customs examination at Vallorbes, where they are busy completing what will eventually be quite a magnificent station, is practically a farce in that the Swiss *douaniers* take one's immediate word for the fact that one has *rien à déclarer*. Going back to France, however, it is a very different matter, for the amount of smuggling that goes on between Switzerland and her neighbour is still something enormous. They tell me that the inhabitants of many of the Swiss frontier villages live entirely on the proceeds of smuggling. Most of the professional smugglers have specially trained dogs about the size of a small St. Bernard to assist them in their work, and these dogs become so wonderfully clever as to baffle completely the customs' officers. So highly trained are they that they will take cover on sighting a *douanier*, and if by chance they are fired at they will crouch the second they hear the report of the gun. These dogs can carry quite heavy loads of tobacco, saccharine, phosphorus, etc., and are invaluable to their masters.

Where Nature is Unspoilt

I always think that the chief impression left upon one by Switzerland is its extreme neatness. Everything seems to be put in exactly the right place, if not by Nature by man. Not a yard of ground is wasted, not a single opportunity lost for turning the beauties of the country to profit. Some people have it that Switzerland is over-exploited, that there are too many communications nowadays, that the country is ultra-modernised. Personally, I fail to share that opinion. Had any other nation but the Swiss "run" their country it would probably have been spoiled, but those who are responsible for "the playground of Europe" are far too clever to let the work of man destroy the beauties of nature.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON

On the Lake of Geneva and but a short distance from that beautiful Swiss resort, Montreux. In the photograph the Dent du Midi is seen in the distance

Lovely Geneva

I spent a day or two at Geneva, and would like to have spent more, for this beautiful town is really very attractive when one gets to know it, especially if one stays at one of the hotels on the lakeside, as I did, and can say good morning to Mont Blanc from one's bedroom window. It is worth while stopping at Geneva if only to stroll along its beautiful quays, kept, like everything else in this model town, *à la perfection*. There were a good many English about, though the hotel-keeper told me that the English seemed to be travelling less than usual this year, and an enormous number of Americans. At the kursaal they informed me that the *baccara* banks were ruling hign. It is quite a good casino, and they get some excellent companies at the theatre. Indeed, Geneva all round is well supplied with amusements.

Hotels

The hotels on the lakeside, where, of course, everyone wants to stay, are wonderfully reasonable

THE CHATEAU AND CATHEDRAL, LAUSANNE

The pleasant Franco-Swiss town, on the Lake of Geneva, noted for its great literary associations and educational facilities

considering how comfortable they are. The three favourites with Anglo-Saxons are the Hotel de la Paix, the National, and the Beau Rivage. The Hotel de la Paix, owned by M. Weber, father of the proprietor of the Hotel de France at Nice, is exceedingly comfortable, and boasts an excellent *chef*. Moreover, M. Weber looks after every detail himself, not being content to leave things to a manager, with the result that one really feels "a guest." The National is also a very charming hotel, and a special favourite with the children, for whom there are all sorts of amusements provided in the lovely garden. The National, moreover, is the only hotel in Geneva to boast an American bar! The Beau Rivage is essentially the "swagger" hotel, and a great favourite with the American. Those who want a cheap hotel, and at the same time a good one, at Geneva will do well to put up at the Poste, but, of course, it is not on the lakeside.

Lausanne

From Geneva I paid my first visit to Lausanne, and after an afternoon spent in what is certainly a very beautiful town, I was not surprised at its harbouring such a large English colony. The season at Lausanne has just started, by the way, and the programme of attractions is a long one. Everyone knows, of course, that Lausanne is famous for its educational facilities, which have decided so many English families to reside there. Life, I am told, is by no means dear in Lausanne, and it must certainly be pleasant.

The Quaint Capital

Until the other day I had a fixed idea in my head that Berne was a place to be avoided. After a day spent there I have come to precisely the opposite conclusion. Berne is at the same time one of the quaintest and one of the most beautiful towns I have ever been in, and had I the time to spare I should like to spend a week in it. There are no end of things to see, from the Houses of Parliament to the world-famous bear-pit, whose inhabitants have recently had an addition to their numbers, and it is really no exaggeration to say that Berne is quite unlike other Swiss towns. In November next Berne, by the way, is to boast one of the finest hotels in this land of theirs, the old Bellevue having been pulled down and converted into a Bellevue Palace, which, so far as modernity goes, will be second to none in Europe. It is, M. Eggiman, the manager, told me, to be a Palace at moderate prices, so that its name need not scare away the economical.

Answers to Queries

D. W. (Switzerland).—I would suggest Oberhofen, on the Lake of Thun. You would find the Hotel-Pension May very comfortable, and it is open the whole year round.

B. E. R. (Lido).—Charming in October, especially the first fortnight, and the water should be just the right temperature. The bottle of cherry brandy you suggest would be quite unnecessary! Stay at the Excelsior Palace, which is under the management of "Luigi," so well-known to visitors to Cairo. The Traveller

SHOOTING

Size of Shot

One of the points on which shooting men enjoy a good argument is the size of shot to load with. I am often asked what I use, and what I recommend. I lay down no law on the subject, but I can inform readers what many of the best shots are now using, and will continue to use right through the season. This is No. 7 shot. I am aware that many will say at once that it is a disgraceful size to use, and will condemn it all round. Let us, therefore, consider the pros and cons of using No. 7. First of all, there are naturally far more pellets in a cartridge loaded with No. 7 than No. 5 shot; in fact, in the former case in an ordinary loaded cartridge with 1⅛ oz. of shot there are 465 pellets of No. 7 shot as against 235 of No. 5 or 271 of No. 5½, and something over 300 in No. 6. Anyone of these 465 pellets hitting a bird in a vital part will kill it, and the chances are, with so many pellets flying about, one or more will strike the bird and prove fatal. No. 7 also makes a good pattern, and the chance of stopping a bird is naturally much enhanced owing to the enormous number of pellets.

Small Shot

In driven birds, and birds coming towards the gun, this large amount of shot sent at them will never injure them for the table, but there is the possibility of smashing a bird up badly when they are hit going away or crossing if the shot is anything like a near one. This is the one drawback to using very small shot, the smashing-up of the bird, as at a close range a large number of pellets may enter the body and so spoil it for eating. No. 7 shot, when fired, leaves the gun for a short distance more rapidly than heavier shot, and on the other hand slows down quicker. It would, therefore, be thought quite futile to use it on anything except partridges, and that early in September, and pure madness to try it on rocketing pheasants Yet, strange to say, it is not so, and many men have now taken entirely to using this small-sized shot.

No. 7 for High Birds

I remember on my shoot last season, a shoot celebrated for its tremendously high birds—which have tried the skill of the King and Lord Ripon and the Hon. H. Stonor and other crack shots to the utmost—seeing a guest bringing down bird after bird out of the very skies. At the end of the beat I went up to him and asked him what shot he was using. He replied, "I always use No. 7." This proved to me that if No. 7 will kill these birds stone dead at thirty and more yards in the air, and this late in November, it is worth trying. I have commenced using it myself this season for the first time, and I find so far very remarkable results. I did hear, though I cannot vouch for it, that the party of well-known guns who made the record bag of grouse in one day some years ago used a No. 7 shot. If these gentlemen use it, I can assure my readers they also can use it without the slightest fear of being thought unsportsmanlike. I myself like charges of never more than 1 oz. of shot, and strong charges of powder. Gun-makers won't load these, unless you order them, as they always put in 1⅛ oz. or 1-16 oz. of shot and, perhaps, thirty-three grains of powder.

Leonard Willoughby

Photograph] TERRITET—MONTREUX [*Wehrli-Kilchberg*

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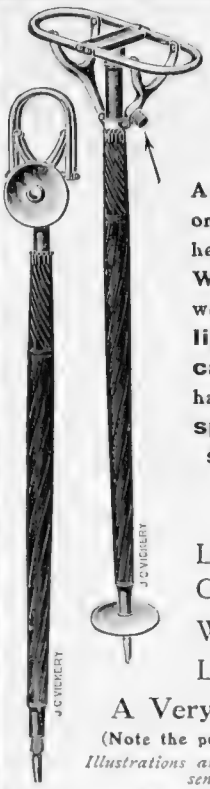

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"The Lodger"

There is no writer of to-day who can appeal so subtly as can Mrs. Belloc Lowndes to one's sense of horror. That she is in no sense the serialist with "situations" for every chapter up her sleeve, but, rather, a fine, nervous writer with the gift of simple language, possibly accounts for her success. *The Lodger* (Methuen: 6*s.*) must not be read in bed. That is important. Read it in bed, and the curtains will flap as no curtains ought to flap even in the windiest weather, and the cupboards will creak as you imagine they must creak when involuntarily housing a burglar. Yet there is no "mystery" in Mrs. Lowndes's new book. You know quite well that it is poor Mrs. Bunting's lodger who is the murderer of all those young women who allow themselves to wander out of doors at night. And, indeed, no long time elapses before Mrs. Bunting herself knows the truth. She knows it just as surely as the reader knows it. But she does not speak, even though there is a detective in her house almost every day. And the horror of things grows calmly and steadily on. . . . It is round the reason for Mrs. Bunting's silence that Mrs. Lowndes has written this remarkable book. It is, indeed, remarkable because everything in it is so extraordinarily real. You see exactly how Mrs. Bunting is suffering; you know why she is at such pains to hide things from her husband, until he, too, discovers the awful truth. You suffer with her, and yet you know that she ought to have gone straight to Scotland Yard. The book is a fine piece of psychology, but, as I have hinted before, it will be advisable to read it in the sunlight with jolly people about you and, perhaps, somebody playing gay music in the distance.

Photograph *Cecil*

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

Whose new novel, "The Lodger," is reviewed on this page

"Crump Folk Going Home"

It is pleasant to welcome a new novelist of very real ability. The oddly named *Crump Folk Going Home* (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*) shows Miss Constance Holme to be capable of writing a big book. Her first novel has everything to recommend it. It runs off the usual lines, so to speak, with the most cheerful disregard for the conventions. There is no one hero or heroine, but dozens of both. The book is the rather astonishing comedy of some Westmoreland county people called Lyndesay. There are several branches of this entertaining family, but Slinker of Crump, its head, chose to marry beneath him, and afterwards got himself "engaged" to a poor relation, a Lyndesay of Kilne. From this lamentable fact Miss Holme is able to spin her comedy. The poor relation has a bad time of it, but only for a while. Slinker's heir is a good fellow, and, incidentally, no mean wrestler, and he falls in love with the Lyndesay of Kilne, much to his mother's disgust. As the background to the story there is that curious and fine devotion to the land which has belonged to one family for generations. The Lyndesays of England are not popular with the Larkins of the world, but they still have their place, an honourable place, which Miss Holme is at some trouble to portray. *Crump Folk* is a lovable, lighthearted, open-air book which goes with a joyous swing. Miss Holme knows her northerners well enough, and her second novel will be awaited with no small interest by those readers who want something at once real and uncommon. I offer her my congratulations.

A Posthumous Work

The last novel of the unfortunate Jacques Futrelle, who went down in the *Titanic* last year, has just been published — *My Lady's Garter* (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*). It is a highly ingenious, rollicking tale of detectives and American millionaires and the Secret Service, and of a jewelled garter stolen from the British Museum. A gentleman commonly known as Hawk is presumably the thief, but just who the Hawk may be is exceedingly puzzling. In fact, it is hopeless to try to find out the secret until Mr. Futrelle sees fit to explain. Quite an amusing little story in its way.

Two More Novels Under the Ban

Mr. Compton Mackenzie's *Sinister Street* and Mr. W. B. Maxwell's *The Devil's Garden*, have both failed to satisfy the powers that be behind the Circulating Library counters. Well! well! well!

RALPH STRAUS

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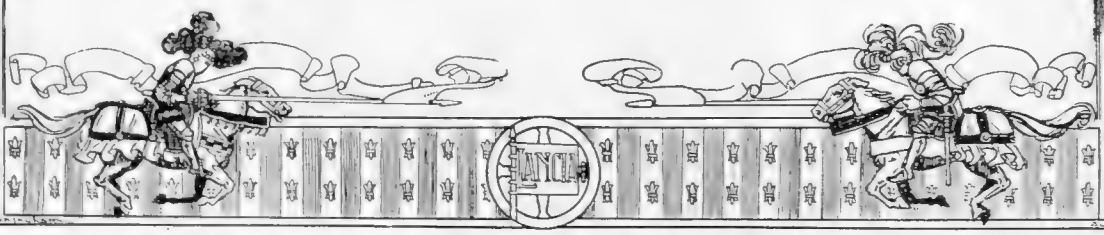

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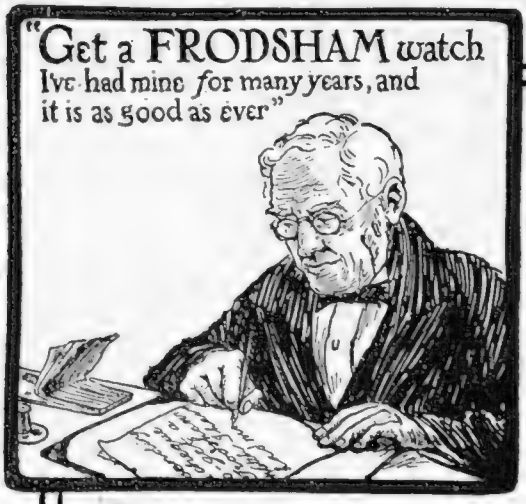

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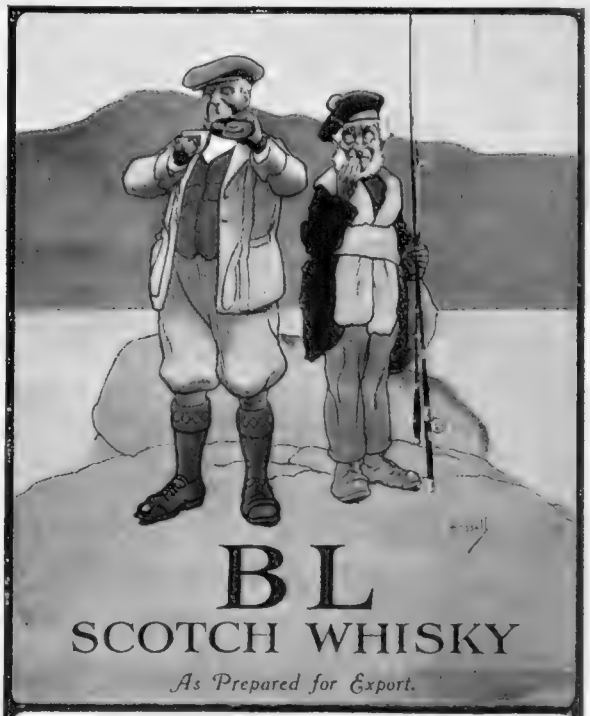

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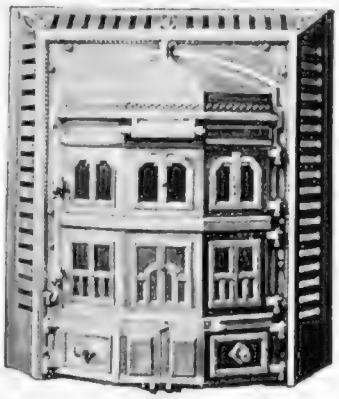

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SPORTS and PASTIMES

Photograph *Sport and General*

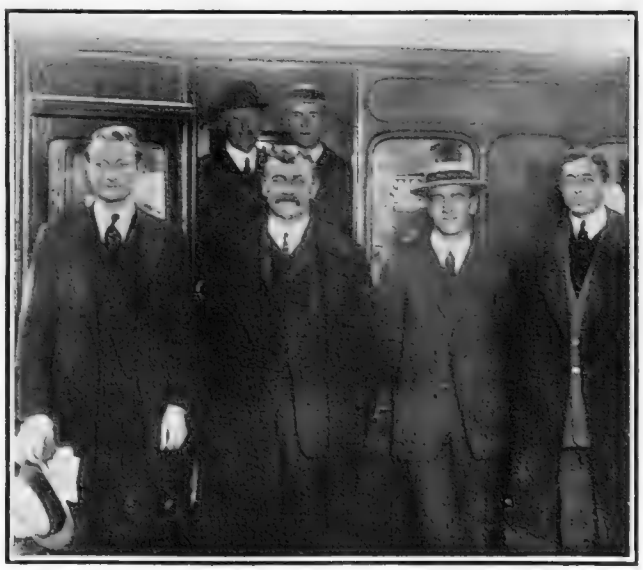
THE TOURNAMENT OF 1,249 ENTRIES: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DEVONSHIRE PARK GROUND AT EASTBOURNE

Eastbourne, the biggest lawn tennis tournament in the world, has again beaten its own record for entries by about 125, and the tournament would be unwieldy but for the fact that there are no fewer than 25 courts in Devonshire Park, all of about equal excellence. Our illustration gives a good idea of the busy scene which has been enacted daily for the past eight or nine days

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

Voluntary Contributions

Recent events have conclusively proved that the English people will not allow English athletics to be placed on the footing of a charitable institution. The man-in-the-street can understand the announcement "Funds urgently needed" for the maintenance of this or that deserving charity; even though he may not be in a position to give a donation himself, he realises that there is nothing unbecoming or derogatory in the appeal. But the announcement: "Funds urgently needed for the restoration of British prestige in the Olympic Games" leaves him cold. He does not even stop to analyse his thoughts; he just turns instinctively to the next column or the next page of his newspaper in search of something more intelligible and more edifying. He may be an athlete—in the widest sense of the term—himself. If he is, this only serves to strengthen his conviction; but if he is not it makes very little difference, for the attitude of all Englishmen towards athletics and athletic pastimes is the same all the world over. They positively refuse to regard them as anything else but pastimes which they are free to pursue in the manner which is best calculated to afford them the amusement which they are desirous of obtaining. If they adopt some branch of athletics as a profession, that is, of course, an entirely different story, and different considerations come in; but, so long as they take part in any form of sport as amateurs, they reserve to themselves the right to do as they please and not to be beholden to anybody more than they can possibly help for the means of their enjoyment. The National Lifeboat Institution is fittingly "supported entirely by voluntary contributions;" the English athlete likes to achieve his triumphs "on his own."



Photograph *Topical*

THE OLD FIRM AT EASTBOURNE

By a curious coincidence four out of the five lawn tennis players who were left in the Men's Singles at Eastbourne last Friday were the four who, on the very same day of last year, set sail for Australia to represent the British Isles in the Davis Cup Competition of that year. Our photograph was taken on the platform at Fenchurch Street just before their train left. Names (left to right): F. G. Lowe, C. P. Dixon, J. C. Parke, A. E. Beamish

A Snare and a Delusion

Even the most bigoted supporters of the Olympic myth are visibly weakening. They have begun to realise that the Olympic Games are a superfluity and an anachronism, and

that this country, at any rate, can get along very comfortably without them. The most they can say now is, "It is too late to repent. We must go on with this thing." And then with their very next breath they go on to say, in effect, "And the only way in which we can do it is by adopting the methods pursued by other countries to which we most strongly object"—the raising of a *troupe* of subsidised acrobats whose services will be retained with the sole object of beating the subsidised acrobats of other nations. Why should we? The wails of agony which were raised over the *débâcle* of Stockholm (as it was termed) did not represent the true feeling of the nation. Great Britain, as a whole, refused to regard our Olympic defeats as a national calamity, which must be atoned for at all costs. And this is the reason why the recent appeal for funds has fallen so absolutely flat. The Olympic games, in fact, are more trouble than they are worth. There is quite enough international competition without them, and the holding of them is a direct menace to the purity of amateur sport. H. S. S.

GOLF

A Busy Month

September is always a busy month for the amateur. This year it is exceptionally full. The first week has already seen three first-class competitions, the Irish Open Amateur Championship, the Jubilee Vase at St. Andrews, and the United States Amateur Championship, while the succeeding weeks will see the Calcutta Cup and the autumn meeting at St. Andrews.

The Irish Championship

This year the great Irish event was played at Dollymount, and brought together a splendid field, such stars as Mr. Munn, Mr. Gordon Lockhart, the Hon. Michael Scott, Lord Charles Hope, Mr. F. C. Carr, Captain H. A. Boyd, and Mr. C. A. Palmer being among the competitors. The favourites were Mr. Munn and Mr. Lockhart, but the event falsified expectations. The Championship was won by that wonderful veteran, Mr. Palmer, who has not done anything startling since he was runner-up to Mr. Ball in the Amateur Championship at St. Andrews in 1907, beyond winning the Bombay Medal of the R. and A. Club in the spring of 1909.

A Great Veteran

Mr. Palmer is a shining example of what care, persistence, and patient practice can do. When one sees him play one can realise that golf cannot have been an easy game for him to master. He has a stiff "half-arm" style, which, for success, requires extreme accuracy of eye and timing. That the accurate eye is possessed by him is proved by his remarkable short game, his approaching and putting being absolutely first-class. When courses are hard and dry he is in his element, for he gets a long run from the tee with not much carry, and once near the green woe betide his adversary if that unhappy individual has not got a stroke in hand. It was his marvellous putting in 1907 which secured him his place in the final at St. Andrews, and if the weather had been dry and fine instead of soaking wet on the day of the final he might well have made a close fight with Mr. Ball. I am sure all my readers will join with me in congratulating this fine veteran on his fresh triumph and in wishing him many more successes in the coming years. He is an admirable sportsman, a keen and dogged fighter, and one who plays the game according to its best traditions.

Photograph *Sport and General*

MR. C. A. PALMER

Winner of the Irish Open Amateur Championship. His prowess should encourage others who, like himself, only took up the game comparatively late in life

The Jubilee Vase at St. Andrews

In this event there was an entry of eighty-nine players, twenty-nine more than last year, while the quality of the field is shown by the fact that there were twelve plus and twelve scratch men. Victory ultimately went to a back-marker in the person of Mr. F. M. Richardson (scratch), who beat Mr. Hutchison (two) in the final by four and three. Mr. H. E. Taylor (plus three) survived the longest of the plus men, reaching the fifth round, when he was beaten by Mr. Hutchison.

The U.S. Amateur Championship

There was practically no British interest in this event, which took place at Garden City, Long Island, N.Y., for Abe Mitchell had withdrawn, and Mr. Victor Maude entered more for fun than anything else and failed to qualify. The qualifying rounds almost proved too much for the favourite, Mr. Jerome Travers, who only qualified as twenty-sixth of the sacred thirty-two. Mr. "Chick" Evans won the scoring competition with rounds of 77 and 71, a fine performance, repeating his similar success of last year. He failed, however, to get into the final, falling to Mr. Anderson in the semi-final just when it seemed certain that he would come through and meet Mr. Travers in the final, giving himself a chance of beating his conqueror of last year. Mr. Travers having once secured his position in the match-play stages made no mistakes, and came through unscathed, defeating Mr. Anderson in the final by five and four. This further triumph of Mr. Travers makes me hope that the rumour that he will compete at Sandwich next year is correct. We want to see him at his best, and at Muirfield in 1909 he never gave himself a chance. Ernest Lehmann

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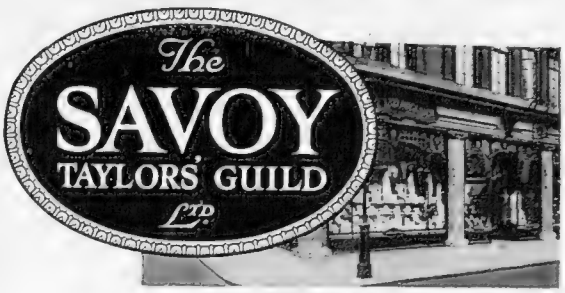

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RACING: After Doncaster. By CARBINE

The Limit!

"Well, that really is the limit!" I heard a famous trainer remark as we watched the finish of the St. Leger last week. The same ejaculation of amazement must have run through the entire crowd, for the result was simply staggering. I cannot remember a classic race in which the best-fancied horses all performed so deplorably as they did this time. So far as "form" is concerned, the race was ridiculous, and the most philosophical among us treated the victory as a joke. But I am afraid our laughter was rather hollow, for there were few whose pockets had not received a nasty knock by the result. Afterwards Robinson, the Foxhill trainer, told me that he really fancied Night Hawk, as he believed him to be a genuinely fine stayer. I also heard that Colonel Hall Walker was rather sweet on the colt's chance—but this is the sort of thing you usually do hear after a rank outsider has rolled home.

Autumn Handicaps

I suppose the wise thing is to wipe out the memory of this doleful St. Leger as quickly as possible. We are now plunged into a busy racing time again. The Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire have quickly awakened attention, and people are hoping to land the big double. I think we shall find that Robinson is under no delusion as to Night Hawk's great stamina, and he looks to me a likely sort to carry his penalty successfully in the Cesarewitch. Last year's winner, Warlingham, will have to be reckoned with again in the long-distance handicap, and I also think favourably of the prospects of Washing Day and Charlton. Out of these you can make some tempting doubles by coupling them with Maiden Erlegh, Fairy King, or Light Brigade in the Cambridgeshire.

Ayr Selections

This week the best racing will be seen at Ayr, which is always the most fashionable and the most popular of the Scottish gatherings. On Wednesday the Caledonian Hunt Cup looks like falling to Mr. Arthur James with **At Last** or **Entebbe**, and I shall not be surprised to see the same stable win the West of Scotland Foal Stakes with **Dan Russel**. The Scottish Derby on the same day is not noteworthy for class, and may be won by **Pochard**. I do not suppose that the St. Leger winner will be sent to fulfil his engagement in the Ayrshire Handicap on Thursday, in which case **Kempnough** should score. The County Cup looks good for **Warlingham**. On the concluding day of the meeting the Ayr Gold Cup may be won by **Lord Annandale**. The week's racing concludes at Windsor, where on Friday **Gaston Bocard** may win the Royal Borough Handicap and **Dolahella** the Merry Wives Handicap. On Saturday **Knight of Tredennis** is my selection for the Windsor Handicap.

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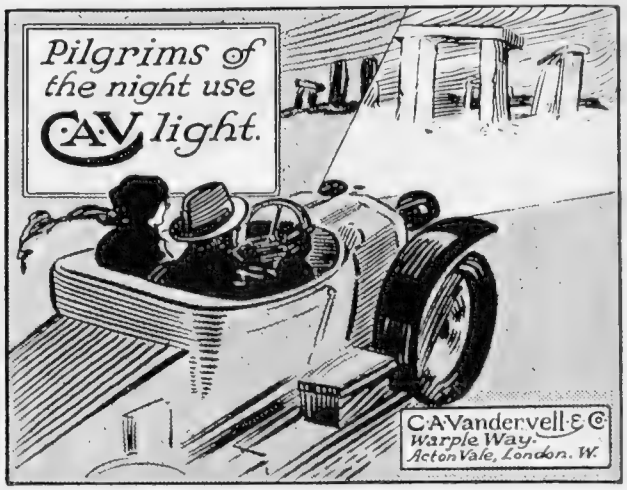

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RECORD BREAKING

The struggle for the British International Trophy in Osborne Bay. Mr. Mackay Edgar's "Maple Leaf IV.," steered by Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, scored a great victory on the second day's racing, travelling at the enormous record speed of 49·02 knots, beating the French and American boats. Illustrated are Count Casimir Mankowski's "Ankle Deep" (America) leading Mr. J. W. Pugh's "Disturber III." (America) and "Maple Leaf IV." (Great Britain)

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Sackcloth!

Mea culpa! But it certainly never occurred to me that Vauxhall could be misread for Panhard, even when written in my tortured caligraphy. Yet so it chanced; and the Panhard was duly sympathised with upon the hard lines of the failure of its first attempt upon the twelve-hour track record, when the Vauxhall was the car concerned. Therefore, in a species of sackcloth, nicely woven to the requirements of the case, I remedy the fault.

Ancient History

It was not the Panhard. The Panhard was making its reputation so far as high-speed performances could do it, around the time when the Hon. Evelyn Ellis, much daring, was bringing his first motor-car across to run on the roads of England. It is widely alleged that this was the first car in the country, but I think, actually, it was not better than third, apart from the motor-bicycles and tricycles that may have preceded it. Mr. H. Hewetson, for example, had a Benz car delivered late in 1894, and in the same year Mr. J. A. Koosen brought a Lutzmann car to England. The Hon. Evelyn Ellis arrived with his car, a Daimler type Panhard, in June, 1895.

Great Races

In that day, and during the immediately succeeding years, Panhard was a name to conjure with in the arena of speed. It finished three petrol cars in the first road race ever held (between Paris and Rouen—eighty miles) in 1894, which was won at 14 m.p.h. by a De Dion steamer. A 4 h.-p. Panhard finished first in the Paris-Bordeaux race (732 miles in 48hrs. 47mins.) in 1895. A Panhard was first, second, and fourth in the 1896 Paris-Marseilles and back race (1,073 miles in 67hrs. 42mins.), the winner being purchased by the late Hon. C. S. Rolls and the second by Mr. S. F. Edge. In 1898 an 8 h.-p. four-cylinder Panhard, driven by M. Charon, won the Paris-Amsterdam race at an average speed of 28½ m.p.h., and in the Bordeaux-Paris race which followed, the redoubtable Chevalier Réne de Knyff steered a 6 h.-p. Panhard to victory. In 1899 a 16 h.-p. Panhard won the Tour de France at 31 m.p.h., and a 12 h.-p. Panhard tied with a 16 h.-p. Mors for first place in the other big race of the year, the Paris-Ostend. Speed, 33 m.p.h.

Embryonic Struggles

In the struggle of the embryonic machine, therefore, the Panhard was a giant of very large girth. It was a 5 h.-p. two-cylinder Panhard on a buggy-like body with carriage wheels, and, of course, solid tyres, that the Hon. Evelyn Ellis, whose recent death marks the passing of a great British

UNDER TEST

The new 20·1 h.-p. Sizaire-Berwick at present undergoing exhaustive tests on Scottish roads. The chassis fully equipped will make its public début at the Paris Salon and Olympia, and is listed at £475

pioneer owner-driver, brought across and ran in direct defiance of the red-flag Act. The legal barrier which blocked mechanical road transport went down ingloriously a little later, and "emancipation day" was celebrated by a great adventure down the Brighton Road. Quite a procession of motor vehicles essayed that mighty journey—and many knots were tied in on the road as the tent-maker does not sing. Since that epoch the Panhard has been reaping the harvest of its early industry, and of recent years has figured little or not at all in speed contests or competitive events, content to maintain its mechanical eminence, quietly incorporating those advanced features which the evolution of automobile engineering has established desirable and necessary to greater efficiency, keeping in touch with the front rank of advance, but otherwise content with the more sombre ways of commerce.

SPLENDIDLY BALANCED

A harmonious combination of highest grade engineering and effective coachwork. A two-seater 15 h.-p. Straker-Squire

Vauxhall Virility

It was the Vauxhall, therefore (to revert to my first paragraph), that should have claimed mention, and the correction comes timely here because the Vauxhall, at the second attempt, has made havoc of existing track records from 200 to 900 miles, and was only prevented from capturing the twelve-hours' world's record by weather and the fracture of a front-spring shackle bolt, which interfered with steering and made safe pace impossible. Class records went in the second and third hours, and from thence on to nine hours' world's records were beaten, the car finishing with 749 miles 1,348 yards to its credit, Mr. A. J. Hancock having driven the whole way. That is a magnificent speed performance, and a fine vindication of Vauxhall design and method. The fact that it was achieved by a standard 25 h.-p. Prince Henry type Vauxhall (specially geared for track work) only adds the greater distinction. And although Palmer cord tyres have countless great victories on their record, there is none to better, probably none to equal, their remarkable service and invulnerability in this event.

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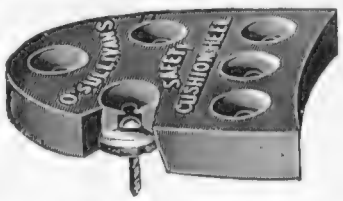

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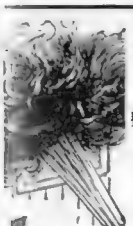

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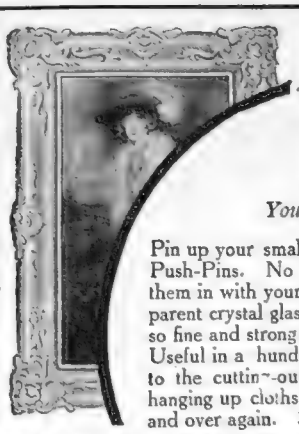

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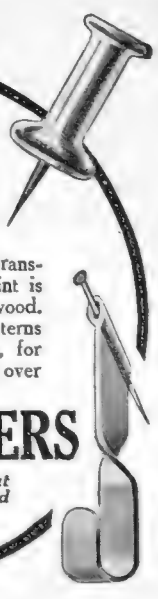

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ATTRACTIVE PLEASURE GROUNDS,

with wood adjoining, tennis court, cricket ground, small private golf course, excellent kitchen garden.

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5 ACRES.

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12 ACRES.

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GENUINE OLD-WORLD RESIDENCE.

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AND CONTAINING A GREAT QUANTITY OF BEAUTIFUL OLD OAK.

Fine old dining hall with large open fireplace, beautiful music room (33ft. by 15ft.) with open oak raftered ceiling, 2 other reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), and good offices, including servants' hall; stabling for 3, coach-house and several very useful outbuildings; old oast house, suitable for studio; pretty grounds, including lawn, bowling green, flower and kitchen gardens, orchards, and 2 meadows, in all about 11 ACRES.

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THE SOHO GALLERIES.

ANTIQUES & REPRODUCTIONS.

A genuine old Green Lacquer Cabinet, on gilt stand, of exceptional quality.

Old Lacquer Furniture

We invite inspection of several exceptionally fine pieces of Old Lacquer Furniture, including a Pair of Louis XVI Cabinets with Genuine Chinese Incised Lacquer Panels of the Ming Period; a 12-fold Chinese Incised Lacquer Screen; Wardrobe with Chinese Incised Lacquer Panel Doors, etc., etc.

We shall be pleased to forward, post free, photographs and full particulars of any of the pieces in this Collection, upon receipt of details of requirements.

Booklet "D27" post free upon application.

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Madonna Lily (Lilium Candidum)

NOW IS THE TIME to buy this beautiful Lily for forcing or planting.

We can supply the finest healthy flowering bulbs—
Extra large .. .. .. 28/- per 100
Large .. .. .. 20/- ,,

If you are interested in any bulbs, may we send you our new Catalogue of Bulbs, Forcing Plants, and Hardy Perennials, a book of 80 pages and hundreds of original illustrations, it is an unique and indispensable guide, and stands for the best of everything.

Pennell & Sons, Bulb Growers, Lincoln
ESTABLISHED 1780.

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Shirts are Specially Made for Sportsmen

Comfort and durability, combined with a really smart appearance, are the particular features of "Atlas" Shirts. Made in all weights for all weathers, and in the most "correct" colourings and patterns, "Atlas" are the ideal negligé Town or Country Shirts.

"ATLAS" SHIRTS - - 3/6 to 21/-
"ATLAS" PYJAMAS - 6/6 to 45/-

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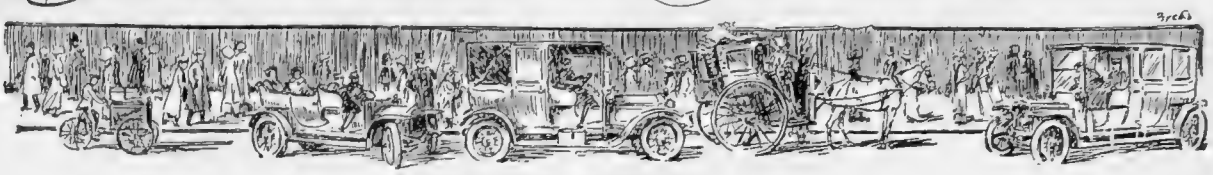
Fashion's Fancies.



By MRS. JACK MAY

The Latest Expression of the Sports' Shirt

THOSE who have closely watched the handling of sports' attire in its entirety cannot fail to have been struck by the daring flights of fancy and the firm determination to uplift popular taste out of time-crusted grooves. The tailored sports' coat, for example, which, despite many prognostications to the contrary, completely overshadowed — in the matter, anyway, of smart effect—the woven cashmere and silk coats. Looking back over the summer a certain sulphur-shade of rough cloth stands out as having been conspicuously happy in this *galère*, the best styles invariably including a deep yoke frequently cut in one with some portion of the sleeve.

Now, quick on the heels of this fancy, comes a long-basqued be-sashed sports' shirt, and it is this Mrs. Dorothy Millar depicts in her sketch. Figure to yourself a Donegal tweed ride-astride coat, worn with high brown top boots, and completed by a blue stock tie, and a lemon-coloured silk handkerchief floating out of one side pocket. Another fair equestrienne in a grey habit had grey boots to match, and wore an Uncle Sam's hat of soft grey *velour*.

Now from this advanced *côterie* comes the pictured shirt direct. It is built of heavy *crêpe de Chine*, and would be charming in the above-mentioned sulphur-yellow, with a deep Morland blue sash; or in tomato with a black sash, the buttons in every case being toned to the *crêpe de Chine*.

A NEW SPORTS' SHIRT
Long-basqued, worn with an attractive sash
(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

The New Season's Fabrics

Obsessed by the idea of a girl's frock effected in some sort of rough-surfaced tweed, one built on somewhat sporting lines with a shirt-like bodice probably set on a yoke, I naturally requisitioned the services of Messrs. Egerton Burnett, of Wellington, Somerset, where, in a certain weave entitled the "Caithness," I found my heart's desire. This is offered in four delightful mixtures, my particular fancy falling on a greyish blue, with splashes of green. The price is 2*s*. 5*d*. the yard, and the width 42in., and if a careful watch be kept on these pages the particular frock visioned will be seen illustrated in a week or so.

Messrs. Egerton Burnett seem to have surpassed all previous efforts this autumn, not only in prodigality of choice, but in their thoroughly up-to-date and original ventures. Thus the "Ormonde," a rough-surfaced diagonal, runs through all the latest and best-approved vivid colours, such as *moutarde*, Morland-blue, magenta, a strong green, etc., and is absolutely ideal for the *chic* sports' suit. Other fascinating tweeds are the "Erroll," 52in. wide, 3*s*. 6½*d*. the yard, the "Cromartie," and "St. Audries." While, for extra-strenuous wear there is to be heartily commended the "Trieste," loosely woven in small broken checks and very light

in weight, the "Bruce," and that great speciality of the firm, the "Mountaineer Tweed."

This will stand the roughest weather and the hardest wear, and retains its colour and quality to the end. In view of the approaching winter sports, the "Mountaineer" exacts the closest attention. Egerton Burnett, moreover, undertake to supply tailor made-to-measure costumes of this tweed at 68*s*. 6*d*. For some considerable time now a feature has been made of girls' gymnastic costumes, the firm having now the exclusive monopoly of supply to a large number of schools and colleges. In the fashioning of these, as goes without saying, serge plays a prominent rôle, and that which Egerton Burnett do not know about, or are unable to supply in this weave, is not worth a moment's consideration. Serge, indeed, is the groundwork of their business, and has been chiefly instrumental in gaining the twenty-seven Royal and Imperial Appointments held by them.

A PERFUMED FAIRY FAN

A speciality of the Misses Allen-Brown. The centre is of figured silk, and perfume l with English violets or Allen-Brown's old Sussex Potpourri, while the rim and handle are of hall-marked silver

Who Will Buy My Sweet Violets?

A slight paraphase of the "Old Lavender" street cry, a small votive offering to the Misses A. and D. Allen-Brown, of Henfield, Sussex. Whenever I am reminded of these unique violet nurseries envy fills my heart over the life spent among the fragrant delicate flowers by these ladies, who, not content with growing violets in such abundance as to make one verily gasp with wonder, compound a violet perfume that is the very essence of the flower, delicate, subtle, evasive, and yet unmistakable. And with this essence—in its way comparable to the famed Attar of Roses—the Misses Allen-Brown impregnate every conceivable manner of thing. Naturally soaps, bath salts, powders, in fact, all the nowadays decreed toilet paraphernalia, take an easy first place. These are one and all put up in the daintiest receptacles, with the predominating colour-note of the flower; while in addition there are all manner of cleverly-thought-out original offerings, such as a glove *poudrette*, a violet-scented dress-hanger, and a silk-covered roll for veils. A recent recruit is the perfumed fairy fan, of which we give an illustration. The centre is of figured-silk, perfumed with either English violets or Allen-Brown's old Sussex Pot-Pourri, while the rim and handle are of hall-marked silver. Then from October to April boxes of freshly cut violets are sent post free for 1*s*. 6*d*. Full and complete information, however, is forthcoming in a charmingly got-up and illustrated brochure, which the Misses Allen-Brown are pleased to send to anyone on application. The Violet Nurseries, Henfield, Sussex, is the correct address.

All shirts are tailored in our own workrooms by expert tailors, and can be made to Customers' own measurements in two days, at the extra cost of 2/6

By Special Appointment Drapers and Furnishers to H.M. The Queen

HARRODS

USEFUL SHIRTS FOR SPORTS WEAR

ILLUSTRATION SHOWS

B.S. "Hickling." Heavy Jap. Silk Shirt, plain back and front, small watch pocket, square hemstitched collar, finished with black satin tie. Double cuffs 16/9

B.S. "Southwold." Country Shirt in Jap. silk, with detachable polo collar. The front is composed of pin and wide tucks, the back is also tucked. Made by our own tailors. Sizes 13 to 15 ... ... 18/9

B.S. "Deal." Good Sporting Shirt in heavy Jap. silk, five one-inch tucks in front, tucked back and detachable Shakespeare collar. Sizes 13 to 15 ... ... 12/9

B.S. "Kingsgate." Smart décolleté Shirt, plain back, one broad tuck down the front, double cuffs. In good washing Jap. silk ... 25/9

B.S. "Fritton." Tailored décolleté Shirt of Jap. silk. Sailor collar of hemstitched lawn. Frills of lawn down the front and at wrists. Plain back 21/9

HARRODS LTD RICHARD BURBIDGE MANAGING DIRECTOR LONDON S.W

SWIFT. *SURE.*

Just at this season "Achille Serre" can be of great assistance to you.

In this way—

Those of your Summer Frocks which are warm enough for Autumn wear can be dyed a suitable shade—thus saving the purchase of new.

If your Knitted Coat is soiled or stained it can be cleaned without shrinkage and without stretching. If faded it can be redyed the same shade, or the colour can be changed.

Your Tweed and other costumes will look as good as new when cleaned and tailor-pressed in the "Achille Serre way."

Write for Booklet "Autumn Economies," containing prices and list of Branches which collect and deliver free of charge.

Achille Serre Ltd.

(Nettoyage a sec)

Hackney Wick, London, E.

'Phone 3710 *East.* *Branches and Agencies Everywhere.*

93

"Barri" Maternity Gowns

Royal Letters Patent.
(Unobtainable elsewhere.)

Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and is capable of the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening. Can be made without fitting.

Many designs for Day or Evening wear.

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Prices from **6** *gns.*

Walking Gown in dark blue San Toy. The softly draped waistcoat and sash is of lime and black foulard. A tiny kilting of lace at the neck makes a becoming finish.

Price **8½** Gns.

For Catalogue A, apply—

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MATERNITY CORSETS & LAYETTES A SPECIALITY.

It is useless to try and persuade baby that some other soap is "just as good" as

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap.

His sensitive skin knows better.

4d. per Tablet.

Protects from Infection.

Three Autumn Menus

A Luncheon Menu

Omelette Oyster Croquettes
* Casserole of Chicken Endive Salad
Blackberry Fool Mushrooms on Toast
Coffee

A Sunday Supper

Hors-d'œuvres
* Vegetable Marrow Soup (Hot)
Réchauffé of Fish in Shells (Hot)
Cold Partridges Potato Salad
Damson and Rice Mould Anchovy Creams

A Dinner for Four Persons

Oysters Clear Soup
Salmis of Grouse
Roast Loin of Veal (Boned and Stuffed)
Potatoes à la Maître d'Hôtel
* Carrots à l'Allemande
Fruit Macédoine * Devilled Biscuits
Dessert. Coffee. Liqueurs

Casserole of Chicken

Line the bottom of an earthenware fireproof casserole with thinly cut slices of bacon, a carrot, and one small sliced onion. Put in 1 oz. of butter, and let it melt over the fire. Place in the casserole a fowl cut up into small joints. Let it get a nice golden brown on each side. Now add a small bouquet of herbs (parsley, thyme, and bay-leaf), eight small shallots peeled and fried in butter, and three mushrooms. Moisten with half a pint of stock and a gill of brown sauce. Cover the pan, and cook in a fairly hot oven for one hour. Baste it occasionally during the cooking. Take out the fowl, strain the sauce, and skim it, and put both the fowl and sauce back in the casserole with the bacon and shallots. Keep the casserole hot till required for table. Serve in the casserole with nicely fried potatoes.

Vegetable Marrow Soup

Peel a good-sized marrow, remove the seeds, cut it in small pieces, and stew it with a Spanish onion cut up in a pint of stock or water, till tender, adding salt and white pepper. When done, pulp through a sieve, take two pints of this pulp, and add to it one pint of milk, boil them together for half an hour. Melt 2 oz. of butter in a stew-pan, stir in 1 oz. of flour, stir till it is a smooth paste, add this to the soup; let the whole boil up, and serve—if too thick, add more milk. Serve with dice of bread fried in a little butter.

Carrots à l'Allemande

Wash and scrape a bunch of young carrots and boil them in plenty of slightly salted water till tender. Heat up in a sauté-pan about 1½ oz. of butter, put in the carrots, which have been cut into half-inch length pieces, toss them in the butter for a few minutes, sprinkle over a dessert-spoonful of flour, and moisten with a gill of white stock or milk. Stir till it boils, then add two or three table-spoonsful of cream, or, if not at hand, more milk, and also one small tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley. Season to taste with salt, pepper, and half a teaspoonful of castor sugar. Allow to cook gently for another ten minutes. Dish up, and serve hot.

Devilled Biscuits

Wash and bone some anchovies, and pound them in a mortar with butter and cayenne. Fry some plain biscuits (Huntley and Palmer's Thin Captain) in a little butter with salt and cayenne, and while hot spread with the mixture. Sprinkle a few brown crumbs on the top. Reheat in the oven for a few minutes, and serve very hot.

EMILIA

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/6 & 4/6.

JACKSON'S
Quick Shine
WAX POLISH
FOR FLOORS and LINOS
Free sample and booklet from works—
Malt Street, Old Kent Road, S.E.

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Table and Bed Linen.

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Ditto, 2 x 2½ yds., each 6/3
Damask **Table Napkins**, 24 x 24 in. From per dozen 5/11
Hemstitched Linen **Sheets**, 2 x 3 yds., per pair 17/6
Ditto, 2½ x 3 yds., per pair 22/6
Hemstitched **Pillow Cases**, to match, 20 x 30 ins., per pair 5/-
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With Damask Borders, per dozen .. 16/6
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Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

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No. 50.—Gentlemen's Irish Linen **Handkerchiefs**, about 18½ in. square, with ½ in. hems. Per doz. 5/3
No. 51.—Ladies' Irish Linen **Handkerchiefs**, about 12½ in. square, with 3-16th in. hems. Per dozen 2/11

COLLARS FOR MEN.
"Castle" Collars are our own make throughout; faced with linen woven in our Banbridge factory, per dozen 5/11
Sample Collar, post free, 6d.

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BUY MILES' BACON BUY
Direct from the Factory
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QUALITY and FLAVOUR PERFECTION.
Supplied in Sides of about 45lbs.
Unsmoked 9½d per lb. Smoked 9¾d. per lb.
RAIL PAID.
SEND for SAMPLE PIECE. 12lb. at 10½d. lb. Rail Paid.
Illustrated Price List free on application.
EDWARD MILES & CO., GOV. CONTRACTORS,
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SMOKED BY ROYALTY
A solid leather cigarette case containing a sample of these Cigarettes will be sent to anyone enclosing a P.O. (or stamps) for 1/6 and mentioning paper.

Their Exquisite qualities satisfy the most critical Tastes.
Supplied to many of the leading Naval and Military Messes, Clubs, &c.
100 post free, 7s.
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"CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
AGE GUARANTEED BY CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
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Boston Garter

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Velvet Grip
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Look for the guarantee label attached to each pair.

Rubber Buttons, together with Best English Elastic and Nickelled Brass Rustless Fittings.

Cotton (plain, check, or stripe), **1/-** pair.

Silk (plain elastic), **2/-** pair. By Post, 1d. extra.

A. J. NEALE,
13, St. Swithin's Lane, E.C. and 31, New Broad St, E.C.

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This wonderful hygienic absorbency, with the health safety and the luxurious ease and comfort ensured by

SOUTHALLS' TOWELS

represent the greatest gift of medical science to the world of women.

Sold by all Drapers, Chemists, etc., in silver packets of 1 dozen, price 6*d.* 1/- 1/6 and 2/- Southalls' Compressed Towels, full size in tiny silver boxes—Size A, 1*d.* Size B, 1½*d.* Size C, 2*d.* Size D, 2½*d.*

WARNING. Do not ask for Sanitary Towels—ask specially for SOUTHALLS' and refuse substitutes.

The "Introduction Packet" [Size S] is intended to facilitate personal test and prove their superiority. It contains 6 assorted Towels, and is sent post free under plain cover. Write to Lady Manager, 17, Bull Street, Birmingham, enclosing 6d. in stamps.

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FRANCO-BRITISH AND TURIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

HUNTING, SHOOTING AND WALKING BOOTS.

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For *Absolute Purity* and the highest possible quality in all its ingredients.

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The King of Soaps and the **Soap of Kings**

Evidenced by Six Royal Warrants of Appointment and Twenty Highest Awards in competition with the world.

The Editor's Box

Royal Artillery Theatre

Patrons of this theatre are provided with Shavian fare this week, *Man and Superman* being the current attraction.

Concerning Fires

Nothing has more the effect of making a room look cheerless and uncomfortable than a badly constructed, untidy fire-grate. Nowadays, however, there is absolutely no excuse for this defect, for, since the introduction of "Pelham" Fires, it is possible to install the neatest and most compact, as well as the most beautiful, fires at small expense and a minimum of trouble. The "Pelham" Fire has been designed to supply a long-felt want, and can be easily fixed in old and new buildings with perfect safety. Control of combustion is obtained by a Hit-and-Miss ventilator in the front, which enables the air to be admitted to the fire or shut out at will. The ventilator lifts off for the removal of ash, and allows the fire to be burned continuously. Readers are invited to write for particulars and illustrated booklet to Messrs. Lewis and Grundy, of Nottingham and Kettering.

"Holiday Season Tickets" Bournemouth and District

For the convenience of visitors to Bournemouth and district, the London and South Western Railway now issue "Holiday Season Tickets," affording unlimited scope for the holiday-maker to cover the whole of the interesting region round about, in a free-and-easy style on the most economical basis during the time for which the ticket is taken, the cost being, for one week from 5*s.*, fortnight from 8*s.* 6*d.*, or month from 11*s.* 3*d.* With a Bournemouth holiday season ticket the golfer has the choice of nine excellent courses, the angler four rivers and numerous fishing-grounds, the yachtsman various anchorages in the harbours around, the rambler the forests and fields of Hampshire, and hills and dales of Dorset. There are eight pleasant coast resorts in the vicinity, to say nothing of the hundred and one other delights in the charming scenery, wonderful chines (or ravines), extensive woods. First, second, and third-class tickets are issued, and full particulars given in pamphlet obtainable at the Company's stations and offices, or from the Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

The Bovril Airship

A striking and ingenious advertisement of Bovril observed recently in Regent's Park

A Soap of Quality

Messrs. Wright's Coal Tar Soap is so widely known and so generally popular that it seems almost superfluous to recommend it as quite one of the best nursery soaps in existence. It is, in fact, the true antiseptic soap, and therefore a guaranteed preventative against infectious diseases. It is excellent for the skin and induces a remarkably refreshing feeling after use.

By Appointment *To H.M. The King.*

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PRICE 3 GNS.

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SPORTING, MOTORING and TRAVELLING COATS always in stock.
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The Marmalade which is all ripe selected fruit and pure sugar—nothing else; as clear and brilliant as Crystal. "Golden Shred" is made in Model Factories scientifically equipped and of scrupulous cleanliness, by willing, well-cared-for workers.

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